

तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय

SANTINIKETAN
VISWA BHARATI
LIBRARY

822.3

T. E

V. 4

THE LARGER
TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE

*By the kind permission of Messrs Macmillan & Co.
and W. Aldis Wright, Esq., the text here
used is that of the "Cambridge" Edition. In
the present issue of the "Temple Shakespeare"
the Editor has introduced some few textual
changes; these have been carefully noted in
each case.*



The Ely House Portrait.

Now in the possession of the Birthplace Trustees at Stratford.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL .

Preface

in *The Comedy of Errors*; (3) the whole play is in fact a 'Comedy of Errors' arising from mistaken identity; (4) the sentiment of music breathes throughout, as in *The Merchant of Venice*,

'like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour';

(5) alike, too, in both these plays the faithful friend is named Antonio; (6) in Viola's confession of her secret love (II. iv. 113-121) we have a fuller chord of the note struck in *Love's Labour's Lost* (V. ii. 14-18); (7) finally, Sir Andrew is a sort of elder brother of Cousin Slender, and Sir Toby Belch a near kinsman of Sir John Falstaff.

DURATION OF ACTION. The Action of *Twelfth Night* occupies three days, with an interval of three days between the first and second days:—

Day 1, Act I. i.-iii. Interval. *Day 2*, Act I. iv. and v.; Act II. i.-iii. *Day 3*, Act II. iv. and v.; Acts III., IV., and V.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

SEBASTIAN, *brother to Viola.*

ANTONIO, *a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.*

A Sea Captain, *friend to Viola.*

VALENTINE, { *gentlemen attending on the Duke.*

CURIO, {

SIR TOBY BELCH, *uncle to Olivia.*

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

MALVOLIO, *steward to Olivia.*

FABIAN, { *servants to Olivia.*

FESTE, *a clown,* }

OLIVIA.

VIOLA.

MARIA, *Olivia's woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *A city in Illyria, and the sea coast near it.*

THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY
ISRAEL GOLLANCZ

VOLUME FOUR

TWELFTH
NIGHT



THE WINTER'S TALE
CYMBELINE

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS,
ANTIQUARIAN AND TOPOGRAPHICAL

LONDON
J. M. DENT & CO.
ALDINE HOUSE
29 & 30 BEDFORD STREET, W.C.
1899

TWELFTH NIGHT

Or, WHAT YOU WILL

Preface.

The First Edition. *Twelfth Night; or, What You Will*, was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies pages 255-275 in the division of Comedies. There is no record of any earlier edition. The text is singularly free from misprints and corruptions. The list of 'Dramatis Personæ' was first given by Rowe, as in the case of many of the plays.

The Date of Composition. John Manningham, a member of the Middle Temple from January 1601(-2) to April 1603, entered in his Diary, preserved in the British Museum (MS. Harleian 5353),* the following statement:—

"Feb. 2, 1601(-2).—At our feast, we had a play called Twelve Night, or What You Will. Much like the Comedy of Errors, or Menecmi in Plautus; but most like and near to that in Italian called Inganni. A good practise in it to make the steward believe his lady widowe was in love with him, by counterfeiting as from his lady in general terms, telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparel, etc., and then when he came to practise, making him believe they took him to be mad," etc. Seeing that *Twelfth Night* is not mentioned by Meres in 1598, and as the play contains fragments of the song '*Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone*,' from the Book of Ayres, by Robert Jones, first published in 1601, the date of composition may with some certainty be assigned to 1601-2.

Title of the Play. According to Halliwell-Phillipps, *Twelfth Night* was one of four plays acted by Shakespeare's Company, 'the Lord Chamberlain's servants,' before the Court at Whitehall during the Christmas of 1601-2: possibly it owed its name to the circumstance that it was first acted as the Twelfth-Night performance on that occasion. Others hold

* Cf. *The Diary of John Manningham*, ed. by John Bruce (Camden Society, 1869).

that the name of the play was suggested by 'its embodiment of the spirit of the Twelfth-Night sports and revels—a time devoted to festivity and merriment.' Its second name, '*Or What You Will*,' was perhaps given in something of the same spirit as '*As You Like It*'; it probably implies that the first title has no very special meaning. It has been suggested that the name expresses Shakespeare's indifference to his own production—that it was a sort of farewell to Comedy; in his subsequent plays the tragic element was to predominate. This far-fetched subtle view of the matter has certainly little to commend it.*

THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT. (i.) There are at least two Italian plays called *Gl'Inganni* (The Cheats), to which Manningham may have referred in his entry as containing incidents resembling those of *Twelfth Night*; one of these plays, by Nicolo Secchi, was printed in 1562; another by Curzio Gonzalo, was first published in 1592. In the latter play the sister, who dresses as a man, and is mistaken for her brother, gives herself the name of Cesare, and it seems likely that we have here the source of Shakespeare's 'Cesario.' (ii.) A third play, however, entitled *Gl'Ingannati* (Venice, 1537), translated by Peacock in 1862, bears a much stronger resemblance to *Twelfth Night*; in its poetical induction, *Il Sacrificio*, occurs the name 'Malevolti,' which is at least suggestive of the name 'Malvolio.' (iii.) The ultimate source of the story is undoubtedly Bandello's *Novelle* (II. 36), whence it passed into Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques* (Vol. IV. Hist. vii.); an English version of the story—probably Shakespeare's original for the general framework of his Comedy—found a place in Barnaby Rich's *Farewell to the Military Profession* (1581), where it is styled '*The History of Apollonius and Silla*'; Rich, no doubt, derived it from Cinthio's *Hecatombithi*; Cinthio in his turn was indebted to Bandello. (Rich's *Apollonius and Silla* is printed in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, Part 1, Vol. I.)

For the secondary plot, the story of 'Malvoglio, that cross-gartered gull,' no source exists; Malvolio, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Fabian, Feste, and Maria, are wholly Shakespeare's.

Backward Links. *Twelfth Night*, probably the last of the joyous comedies, holding a middle place between *As You Like It* and *All's Well*, suggests noteworthy points of contact with earlier plays:—e.g. (1) the disguised Viola may well be compared with the disguised Julia in *The Two Gentlemen*; (2) the story of the wreck recalls the similar episode

* Marston took the name *What You Will* for a play of his own in 1607.

Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Curio, and other Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity 10
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch so'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company 40
And sight of men.

Vio. O that I served that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits 50
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit; 60
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.

*Olivia's house.**Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.*

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I 10
am: these clothes are good enough to drink in;
and so be these boots too: an they be not, let
them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I
heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a
foolish knight that you brought in one night here
to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria. 20

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these
ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-
de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages
word for word without book, and hath all the
good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural : for besides
that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller ; and 30
but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the
gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among
the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a
grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and sub-
tractors that say so of him. Who are they ?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly
in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece : I'll drink
to her as long as there is a passage in my throat 40
and drink in Illyria : he's a coward and a coystroll
that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn
o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench !
Castiliano vulgo ; for here comes Sir Andrew
Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch ! how now, Sir Toby Belch !

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew !

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost. 50

Sir And. What's that ?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better ac-
quaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight : 'accost' is front her,
board her, woo her, assail her.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act I. Sc. iii.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'? 60

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, 'thought is free': I pray you, bring 70 your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary: when 81 did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow; Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is 'pourquoi'? do or not do? I
would I had bestowed that time in the tongues
that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting :
O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of
hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl
by nature. 100

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't
not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and
I hope to see a housewife take thee between her
legs and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby:
your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's
four to one she'll none of me: the count himself
here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count: she'll not match 110
above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor
wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's
life in't, man.

Sir. And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow
o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in
masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be,
under the degree of my betters; and yet I will
not compare with an old man. 120

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act I. Sc. iv.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk 130 should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus? 140

Sir And. Taurus! That's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! [Exeunt.]

Scene IV.

The Duke's palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence,

that you call in question the continuance of his
love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho? 10

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me. 20

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound; 30

And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best 40
To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.

Olivia's house.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or
I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may
enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang
thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this
world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where
that saying was born, of 'I fear no colours.' 10

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars: and that may you be bold to say
in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it;
and those that are fools, let them use their
talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long

absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out. 20

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. 30
[Exit.]

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man; for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'

Enter Lady Olivia with Malvolio.

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest. 40

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue

that transgresses is but patched with sin; and
sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If
that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it 50
will not, what remedy? As there is no true
cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower.
The lady bade take away the fool; therefore,
I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady,
cucullus non facit monachum; that's as much
to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good
madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

60

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my
mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide
your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

70

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your
brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the
fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth
he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake
him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever
make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the

better increasing your folly ! Sir Toby will be 80
sworn that I am no fox ; but he will not pass
his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio ?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a
barren rascal : I saw him put down the other
day with an ordinary fool that has no more
brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of
his guard already ; unless you laugh and minister
occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take
these wise men, that crow so at these set kind 90
of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and
taste with a distempered appetite. To be gener-
ous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take
those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-
bullets : there is no slander in an allowed fool,
though he do nothing but rail ; nor no railing
in a known discreet man, though he do nothing
but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for 100
thou speakest well of fools !

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentle-
man much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it ?

Mar. I know not, madam : 'tis a fair young man,
and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay ?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you ; he speaks nothing

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act I. Sc. v.

but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go 110
you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I
am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dis-
miss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir,
how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy
eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove
cram with brains! for,—here he comes,—one
of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at
the gate, cousin? 120

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these
pickle-herring! How now, sot! /

Clo. Good Sir Toby!

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by
this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at
the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he? 130

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care
not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man:
one draught above heat makes him a fool; the
second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit
o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of
drink, he's drowned: go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool 140
shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me. 150

Mal. Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner: he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he? 160

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil : come, throw it o'er my face. 170
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola, and Attendants.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she ?

Oli. Speak to me ; I shall answer for her. Your will ?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,
—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the
house, for I never saw her : I would be loath
to cast away my speech, for besides that it is
excellently well penned, I have taken great
pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain 180
no scorn ; I am very comptible, even to the
least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir ?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and
that question's out of my part. Good gentle
one, give me modest assurance if you be the
lady of the house, that I may proceed in my
speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian ?

Vio. No, my profound heart : and yet, by the very 190
fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play.
Are you the lady of the house ?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp
yourself ; for what is yours to bestow is not
yours to reserve. But this is from my com-
mission : I will on with my speech in your

praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't : I forgive you 200
the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone ; if you have reason, be brief : 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

210

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir ? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber ; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind : I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage : I hold the olive in my hand ; my words are as full of peace as 220
matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you ? what would you ?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead ; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone : we will hear this divinity.

[*Exeunt Maria, and Attendants.*]

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act I. Sc. v.

Now, sir, what is your text? 230

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face. 240

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done? [Unveiling.]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, 250
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud; 260
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you : O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty !

Oli. How does he love me ?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind ; I cannot love him :
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant ; 270
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person : but yet I cannot love him ;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense ;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you ?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house ;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love 280
And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia !' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me !

Oli. You might do much.
What is your parentage ?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord ;

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act I. Sc. v.

I cannot love him : let him send no more ; 290
 Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
 To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well :
 I thank you for your pains : sp and thi\$ for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady ; keep your purse :
 My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
 Love make his heart of flint that you shall love ;
 And let your fervour, like my master's, be
 Placed in contempt ! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. 'What is your parentage ?'
 'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well : 300
 I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art ;
 Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
 Do give thee five-fold blazon : not too fast : soft, soft !
 Unless the master were the man. How now !
 Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?
 Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
 With an invisible and subtle stealth
 To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
 What ho, Malvolio !

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger, 310
 The county's man : he left this ring behind him,
 Would I or not : tell him I'll none of it.
 Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
 Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for him :
 If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
 I'll give him reasons for't : hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find

Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.

Fate, show thy force : ourselves we do not owe ; 320

What is decreed must be, and be this so.

[*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The sea-coast.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer ? nor will you not that
I go with you ?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly
over me : the malignancy of my fate might perhaps
distemper yours ; therefore I shall crave of you
your leave that I may bear my evils alone : it were
a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of
them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir : my determinate voyage is mere 10
extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excel-
lent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort
from me what I am willing to keep in ; therefore
it charges me in manners the rather to express
myself. You must know of me then, Antonio,
my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo.
My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom
I know you have heard of. He left behind him
myself and a sister, both born in an hour : if the
heavens had been pleased, would we had so 20
ended ! but you, sir, altered that ; for some hour

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act II. Sc. i.

before you took me from the breach of the sea
was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled
me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but,
though I could not with such estimable wonder
overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly
publish her; she bore a mind that envy could
not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, 30
with salt water, though I seem to drown her
remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me
be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is,
kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not.
Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kind-
ness, and I am yet so near the manners of my 40
mother, that upon the least occasion more mine
eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the
Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*]

Scene II.

*A street.**Enter Viola, Malvolio following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, 10 unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady? Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, 20 That methought her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none. I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis, Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness;

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false 30
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe! 40
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [Exit.

Scene III.

*Olivia's house.**Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.*

Sir To. Approach. Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements? 10

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had 20
such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy lèman: hadst it?

Clo. I did impetecos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, 30
when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

Clo. [*Sings*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming? 40
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act II. Sc. iii.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. [*Sings*]

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure: 50

In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith:

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.

But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall
we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw
three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that? 60

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a
catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou
knave.'

Clo. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall
be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained
one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins.
'Hold thy peace.' 70

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin. [*Catch sung.*]

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If
my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio

and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Catajan, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! [*Sings*] 80
'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*Sings*] O, the twelfth day of December',—

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do 90
ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and 100
your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act II. Sc. iii.

Sir To. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs
be gone.'

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. 'But I will never die.'

110

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go?'

Clo. 'What an if you do?'

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clo. 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more
than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou
art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and
ale?

120

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i'
the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your
chain with crums. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour
at any thing more than contempt, you would
not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall
know of it, by this hand.

[Exit.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when 130
a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field,
and then to break promise with him and make
a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't knight: I'll write thee a challenge;
or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word
of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night : since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him : if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed : I know I can do it. 140

Sir To. Possess us, possess us ; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog !

Sir To. What, for being a puritan ? thy exquisite reason, dear knight ?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough. 150

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser ; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths : the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him ; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do ? 160

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love ; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece : on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act II. Sc. iii.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt 170
drop, that they come from my niece, and that
she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an
ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic
will work with him. I will plant you two, and
let the fool make a third, where he shall find the 180
letter: observe his construction of it. For this
night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores
me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send
for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul 190
way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not
i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you
will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too
late to go to bed now: come, knight; come,
knight.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

*The Duke's palace.**Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.*

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends,
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night :
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times :
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that
should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

10

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord ; a fool that the lady
Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about
the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[Exit Curio. Music plays.]

Come hither, boy : if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me ;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune? 20

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly :
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves :
Hath it not, boy?

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act II. Sc. iv.

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him, 30
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so; 40
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with
bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir? 50

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. [Music.]

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet, 60
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then. 70

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the
tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for
thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of
such constancy put to sea, that their business
might be every thing and their intent every
where; for that's it that always makes a good
voyage of nothing: Farewell. [Exit. 80

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act II. Sc. iv.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Curio and Attendants retire.*]

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty :
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune ;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir ?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must. 90

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia : you cannot love her ;
You tell her so ; must she not then be answer'd ?

Duke. There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart : no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much ; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt ;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much : make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

100

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know ?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe :
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman, 110
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love. 120

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport,
let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the
niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some
notable shame?

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act II. Sc. v.

Fab. I would exult, man : you know, he brought me
out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting
here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again ; and 10
we will fool him black and blue : shall we not,
Sir Andrew ?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter Maria.

How now, my metal of India !

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree : Malvolio's
coming down this walk : he has been yonder i'
the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow
this half hour : observe him, for the love of
mockery ; for I know this letter will make a 20
contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name
of jesting ! Lie thou there [*throws down a
letter*] ; for here comes the trout that must be
caught with tickling. [Exit.]

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune ; all is fortune. Maria once
told me she did affect me : and I have heard
herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it
should be one of my complexion. Besides, she
uses me with a more exalted respect than any
one else that follows her. What should I think 30
on't ?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue !

Fab. O, peace ! Contemplation makes a rare turkeycock
of him : how he jets under his advanced plumes !

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue !

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio !

Sir To. Ah, rogue !

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace !

40

Mal. There is example for't ; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him Jezebel !

Fab. O, peace ! now he's deeply in : look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye !

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown ; having come from a day-bed, 50 where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone !

Fab. O, peace, peace !

Mal. And then to have the humour of state ; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles !

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace ! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make 60 out for him : I frown the while ; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches ; courtesies there to me,—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live ?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act II. Sc. v.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the 70
lips then.

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'— 80

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew,'—

Sir And. I know 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter.

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him.

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of 90
question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. [reads] To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads*] Jove knows I love :

But who ?

100

Lips do not move ;

No man must know.

‘No man must know.’ What follows? the numbers altered! ‘No man must know:’ if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*reads*] I may command where I adore ;

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore :

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

110

Fab. A fustian riddle !

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. ‘M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.’ Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish o’ poison has she dressed him !

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it !

Mal. ‘I may command where I adore.’ Why, she may command me : I serve her ; she is my lady.

Why, this is evident to any formal capacity ; there is no obstruction in this : and the end,— 120

what should that alphabetical position portend ?

If I could make that resemble something in me,

—Softly ! M, O, A, I,—

Sir To. O, ay, make up that : he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon’t for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out ? the cur is excellent at faults.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act II. Sc. v.

Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the 130
sequel ; that suffers under probation : A should
follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O !

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might
see more detraction at your heels than fortunes
before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I ; this simulation is not as the
former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would 140
bow to me, for every one of these letters are
in my name. Soft ! here follows prose.

[*Reads*] If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In
my stars I am above thee ; but be not afraid of
greatness : some are born great, some achieve
greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon
'em. Thy Fates open their hands ; let thy
blood and spirit embrace them ; and, to inure
thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy
humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite 150
with a kinsman, surly with servants ; let thy
tongue tang arguments of state ; put thyself into
the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that
sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy
yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever
cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou
art made, if thou desirest to be so ; if not, let
me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants,
and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Fare-
well. She that would alter services with thee, 160

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

Daylight and champain discovers not more : this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me ; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered ; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised ! Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads*] Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling ; thy smiles become thee well ; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee. 180 Jove, I thank thee : I will smile ; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device,—

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

190

Re-enter Maria.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck ?

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act III. Sc. i.

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true: does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife. 200

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent 210
devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [Exeunt.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Viola and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

Cl. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman!

Act III. Sc. i.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church;
for I do live at my house, and my house doth
stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar,
if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church
stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the 10
church.

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A
sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit:
how quickly the wrong side may be turned
outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely
with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name,
sir.

Vio. Why, man? 20

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with
that word might make my sister wanton. But
indeed words are very rascals since bonds dis-
graced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words;
and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove
reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for
nothing. 30

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my
conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be
to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make
you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly:

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act III. Sc. i.

she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married;
and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to
herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed
not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

40

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the
sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry,
sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master
as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom
there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with
thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send
thee a beard!

50

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for
one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow
on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to
bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging
but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady
is within, sir. I will construe to them whence
you come; who you are and what you would are
out of my welkin, I might say 'element,' but the
word is over-worn.

[*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,

And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice 70
As full of labour as a wise man's art :
For folly that he wisely shows is fit ;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi ; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are ; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house ? my niece is
desirous you should enter, if your trade be to 80
her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir ; I mean, she is the
list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir ; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I
understand what you mean by bidding me taste
my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance.

But we are prevented. 90

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens
rain odours on you !

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier : 'Rain odours ;'
well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own
most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act III. Sc. i.

Sir And. 'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed:' I'll
get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to
my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and* 100
Maria.] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, 110
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse 120
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you
think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake

And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your
receiving

Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love. 130

Vio. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!

[*Clock strikes.*]

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man; 140
Their lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho!
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am? 150

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!

- A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid : love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide,
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause, 160
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause ;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better:
Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has ; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam : never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again ; for thou perhaps mayst move 170
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

*Olivia's house.**Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.**Sir And.* No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.*Sir To.* Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.*Fab.* You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.*Sir And.* Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to
the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed
upon me ; I saw 't i' the orchard.*Sir To.* Did she see thee the while, old boy ? tell me
that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you. 10

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgement and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in you heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy. 20

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician. 30

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act III. Sc. ii.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the 'bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it. 50

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy. 60

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh your- 70
selves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull
Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado ;
for there is no Christian, that means to be saved
by believing rightly, can ever believe such im-
possible passages of grossness. He's in yellow
stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered ?

Mar. Most villanously ; like a pedant that keeps
a school i' the church. I have dogged him,
like his murderer. He does obey every point 80
of the letter that I dropped to betray him : he
does smile his face into more lines than is in
the new map with the augmentation of the
Indies : you have not seen such a thing as 'tis.
I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I
know my lady will strike him : if she do, he'll
smile and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

A street.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you ;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you : my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth ;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act III. Sc. iii.

Being skillless in these parts ; which to a stranger,
 Unguided and unfriended, often prove 10
 Rough and unhospitable : my willing love,
 The rather by these arguments of fear,
 Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
 I can no other answer make but thanks,
 And thanks ; and ever [thanks, and] oft good turns
 Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay :
 But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
 You should find better dealing. What's to do ?
 Shall we go see the reliques of this town ?

Ant. To-morrow, sir : best first go see your lodging. 20

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night :
 I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
 With the memorials and the things of fame
 That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you 'ld pardon me ;
 I do not without danger walk these streets :
 Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
 I did some service ; of such note indeed,
 That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature ; 30
 Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
 Might well have given us bloody argument.
 It might have since been answer'd in repaying
 What we took from them ; which, for traffic's sake,
 Most of our city did : only myself stood out ;
 For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
 I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet, 40
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town : there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase ; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him : he says he'll come ;
How shall I feast him ? what bestow of him ?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.

Where is Malvolio ? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes :
Where is Malvolio ?

Mar. He's coming, madam ; but in very strange
manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter ? does he rave ? 10

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile : your
ladyship were best to have some guard about
you, if he come ; for, sure, the man is tainted
in's wits.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act III. Sc. iv.

Oli. Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I am as mad
as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter Maria, with Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

20

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make
some obstruction in the blood, this cross-
gartering; but what of that? if it please the
eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet
is, 'Please one, and please all.'

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter
with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my
legs. It did come to his hands, and commands
shall be executed: I think we do know the
sweet Roman hand.

30

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to
thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so
and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales answer
daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness
before my lady?

40

Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. 'Some are born great,'—

Oli. Ha!

Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

Oli. What sayest thou?

Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. 'Remember who commended thy yellow 50
stockings,'—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings!

Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

Oli. Cross-gartered!

Mal. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to
be so;,'—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count 60
Orsino's is returned: I could hardly en-
treat him back: he attends your ladyship's
pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good
Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's
my cousin Toby? Let some of my people
have a special care of him: I would not have
him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*]

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse
man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs 70
directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose,
that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act III. Sc. iv.

me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

80

90

Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity?

If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

100

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched! 110

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him. 120

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck? -

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray. 130

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act III. Sc. iv.

things : I am not of your element : you shall
know more hereafter. [Exit.

Sir To. Is't possible ?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could
condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of 140
the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air
and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and
bound. My niece is already in the belief that
he's mad : we may carry it thus, for our pleasure
and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out
of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him : at 150
which time we will bring the device to the bar
and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see,
but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it : I warrant
there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy ?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him : do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [Reads] Youth, whatsoever thou
art, thou art but a scurvy fellow. 160

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [reads] Wonder not, nor admire not in thy
mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show
thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. [*reads*] Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

170

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. [*reads*] I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [*reads*] Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. [*reads*] Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy 180 upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailly: so soon 190 as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act III. Sc. iv.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the
behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out
to be of good capacity and breeding; his em- 200
ployment between his lord and my niece confirms
no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently
ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he
will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir,
I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth;
set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour;
and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth
will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion
of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This
will so fright them both, that they will kill one 210
another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter Olivia, with Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them
way till he take leave, and presently after
him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid
message for a challenge.

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too uncharly out:
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is, 220
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;

Act III. Sc. iv.

And I beseech you come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,

That honour saved may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this ;—your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you? 230

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow : fare thee well :

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't:
of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done
him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of
despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the
orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy
preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and
deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you : therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard ; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can 250 furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier
and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act III. Sc. iv.

private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of deaths and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give 't or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire 260
some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark 270
naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*]

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even 280
to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the

most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can. 290

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a frago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They 300 say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a 310 good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act III. Sc. iv.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [To *Vio.*] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he 320 finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman 330 and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [They draw.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me: If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will. 340

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [They draw.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.

First Off. This is the man; do thy office.

Sec. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

350

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

First Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking you:

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed; 360
But be of comfort.

Sec. Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now? 370

Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act III. Sc. iv.

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none ;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature :
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves ! 380

Sec. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death ;
Relieved him with such sanctity of love ;
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

First Off. What 's that to us ! The time goes by : away !

Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god !
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there 's no blemish but the mind ; 390
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind :
Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

First Off. The man grows mad : away with him ! Come,
come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exit with Officers.

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself : so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you !

Sir To. Come hither, knight ; come hither, Fabian : 400
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage
saws.

Act IV. Sc. i.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

Vio. He named Sebastian : I my brother know
 Yet living in my glass ; even such and so
 In favour was my brother, and he went
 Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
 For him I imitate : O, if it prove
 Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love !

[*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a
 coward than a hare : his dishonesty appears in 410
 leaving his friend here in necessity and denying
 him ; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious
 in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

Sir To. Do ; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy
 sword.

Sir And. An I do not,—

[*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. 420
 [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Before Olivia's house.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent
 for you ?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow :
 Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith ! No, I do not know

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act IV. Sc. i.

you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: 10
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
There's money for thee: if you tarry longer, 20
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' /
purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er 30
the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way

to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

40

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, 50
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone!

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian.]

I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go: 60
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act IV. Sc. ii.

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream :
 Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep ;
 If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep !

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee : would thou'ldst be ruled by me !

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be ! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Olivia's house.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard ; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate : do it quickly ; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't ; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student ; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter. 10

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby : for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is ;' so I, being master Parson, am master Parson ; for, what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is' ?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

20

Clo. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*within*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

30

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

40

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

50

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act IV. Sc. ii.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well. 60

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. 70

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*]

Clo. [*Singing*] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say,—

Clo. She loves another—Who calls, ha ?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper : as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio !

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits? 90

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused : I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well ? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me ; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say ; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore ! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain 100
bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir ? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir ? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper : I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any 110
man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir !

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light ; and convey what I will set

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act IV. Sc. iii.

down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more
than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you
not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his 120
brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I
prithee, be gone.

Clo. [*Singing*] I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,

In a trice,

Like to the old vice,

Your need to sustain;

Who, with dagger of lath, 130

In his rage and his wrath,

Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:

Like a mad lad,

Pare thy nails, dad;

Adieu, goodman devil.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,

That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service ;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness, 10
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad ; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does : there's something in't 20
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

- Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by ; there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep 30
According to my birth. What do you say ?
- Seb.* I'll follow this good man, and go with you ;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
- Oli.* Then lead the way, good father ; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine ! [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

*Before Olivia's house.**Enter Clown and Fabian.**Fab.* Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.*Clo.* Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.*Fab.* Any thing.*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.*Fab.* This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire
my dog again.*Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.**Duke.* Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?*Clo.* Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.*Duke.* I know thee well: how dost thou, my good
fellow? 10*Clo.* Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse
for my friends.*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.*Clo.* No, sir, the worse.*Duke.* How can that be?*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of
me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so
that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of
myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that,
conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives 20
make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse
for my friends, and the better for my foes.*Duke.* Why, this is excellent.

Act V. Sc. i.

TWELFTH NIGHT ;

Clo. By my troth, sir, no ; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me : there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

30

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer : there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play ; and the old saying is, the third pays for all : the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure ; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind ; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw : if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

40

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir ; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness : but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well ;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war :
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,

50

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act V. Sc. i.

For shallow draught and bulk unprizable ;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter ?

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy ; 60
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg :
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side ;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me :
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate ! thou salt-water thief !
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear, 70
Hast made thine enemies ?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me :
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem ; a wreck past hope he was :
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint, 80
All his in dedication ; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town ;
Drew to defend him when he was beset :

Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one could wink ; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use 90
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be ?

Duke. When came he to this town ?

Ant. To-day, my lord ; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess : now heaven walks on
earth.

But for thee, fellow ; fellow, thy words are madness :
Three months this youth hath tended upon me ;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have, 100
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable ?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam !

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario ? Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak ; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel ?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness ? you uncivil lady,

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act, V. Sc. i.

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars,
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, 120
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. 130

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long? 140
Call forth the holy father.

Act V. Sc. i.

TWELFTH NIGHT ;

Duke.

Come, away !

Oli. Whither, my lord ? Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband !

Oli. Ay, husband : can he that deny ?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah !

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear

That makes thee strangle thy propriety :

Fear not, Cesario ; take thy fortunes up ;

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art

As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father !

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence, 150

Here to unfold, though lately we intended

To keep in darkness what occasion now

Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know

Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,

Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,

Attested by the holy close of lips,

Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings ;

And all the ceremony of this compact

Seal'd in my function, by my testimony : 160

Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
grave

I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub ! what wilt thou be

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case ?

Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,

That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow ?

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act V. Sc. i.

Farewell, and take her ; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Oli. O, do not swear!

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear. 170

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one
presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across and has given
Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of
God, your help! I had rather than forty pound
I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we
took him for a coward, but he's the very devil 180
incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my
head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set
on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have
hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody 190
coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby and Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear
more: but if he had not been in drink, he would
have tickled you other gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman ! how is 't with you ?

Sir To. That 's all one : has hurt me, and there 's the
end on 't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot ?

Clo. O, he 's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago ; his
eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he 's a rogue, and a passy measures 200
pavin : I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him ! Who hath made this havoc
with them ?

Sir And. I 'll help you, Sir Toby, because we 'll be
dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help ? an ass-head and a coxcomb
and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull !

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman ;
But, had it been the brother of my blood, 210
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you :
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is and is not !

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio !
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee ! 220

Ant. Sebastian are you ?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio ?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself ?

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act V. Sc. i.

- An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
 Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
- Oli.* Most wonderful!
- Seb.* Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
 Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
 Of here and every where. I had a sister,
 Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
 Of charity, what kin are you to me? 230
 What countryman? what name? what parentage?
- Vio.* Of Messaline; Sebastian was my father;
 Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
 So went he suited to his watery tomb:
 If spirits can assume both form and suit,
 You come to fright us.
- Seb.* A spirit I am indeed;
 But am in that dimension grossly clad
 Which from the womb I did participate.
 Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
 I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, 240
 And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'
- Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow.
- Seb.* And so had mine.
- Vio.* And died that day when Viola from her birth
 Had number'd thirteen years.
- Seb.* O, that record is lively in my soul!
 He finished indeed his mortal act
 That day that made my sister thirteen years.
- Vio.* If nothing lets to make us happy both
 But this my masculine usurp'd attire, 250
 Do not embrace me till each circumstance.
 Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
 That I am Viola: which to confirm,

I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds ; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [*To Olivia*] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook :
But nature to her bias drew in that. 260
You would have been contracted to a maid ;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed ; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

[*To Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear ;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul 270
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand ;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments : he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him : fetch Malvolio hither :
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract. 280

Re-enter Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act V. Sc. i.

How does he, sirrah ?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do : has here writ a letter to you ; I should have given't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open't and read it. 290

Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads*] By the Lord, madam,—

Oli. How now ! art thou mad ?

Clo. No, madam. I do but read madness : an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna ; but to read his right wits is to read thus : therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. 300

[*To Fabian.*]

Fab. By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it : though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on ; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little un- 310 thought of, and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this ?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian ; bring him hither.

[*Exit Fabian.*]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,

One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,

Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer. 320

[*To Viola*] Your master quits you ; and for your
service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,

So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,

And since you call'd me master for so long,

Here is my hand : you shall from this time be

Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister ! you are she.

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman ?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio !

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio ? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter. 330

You must not now deny it is your hand :

Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase ;

Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention :

You can say none of this : well, grant it then

And tell me, in the modesty of honour,

Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act V. Sc. i.

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope, 340
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed 350
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
'This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here, 360
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd

That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee !

Clo. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve 370
greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon
them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude ; one
Sir Topas, sir ; but that's all one. 'By the
Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do you remem-
ber ? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren
rascal ? an you smile not, he's gagged : ' and
thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace : 380

He hath not told us of the captain yet :

When that is known, and golden time convents,

A solemn combination shall be made

Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,

We will not part from hence. Cesario, come ;

For so you shall be, while you are a man ;

But when in other habits you are seen,

Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all, except Clown.*

Clo. [*Sings*]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, 390

A foolish thing was but a toy,

For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,

With hey, ho, &c.

'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,

For the rain, &c.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Act V. Sc. i.

But when I came, alas ! to wive,

With hey, ho, &c.

By swaggering could I never thrive,

For the rain, &c.

400

But when I came unto my beds,

With hey, ho, &c.

With toss-pots still had drunken heads,

For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,

With hey, ho, &c.

But that's all one, our play is done,

And we'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.*

Glossary.

- Abuse*, deceive; III. i. 120.
Accosted, addressed; III. ii. 20.
A degree, one step; III. i. 130.
Adheres, accords; III. iv. 84.
Admire, wonder; III. iv. 162.
Adverse, hostile; V. i. 83.
Advise you, take care; IV. ii. 98.
Affectioned, affected; II. iii. 153.
Agone, ago; V. i. 198.
Allowed, licensed; I. v. 96.
Allow me, make me acknowledge;
 I. ii. 59.
Alone, pre-eminently; I. i. 15.
An=one; II. i. 19.
Anatomy, body, used contemptuously;
 III. ii. 65.
And, used redundantly, as in the old
 ballad; V. i. 389.
Antique, quaint; II. iv. 3.
Apt, ready; V. i. 320.
Arbitrement, decision; III. iv. 281.
Argument, proof; III. ii. 10.
As yet, still; V. i. 265.
Attends, awaits; III. iv. 239.
- Back-trick*, a caper backwards; I. iii.
 124.
Baffled, treated with contempt; V. i.
 369.
Barful, full of impediments; (Pope,
 "O baneful"; Daniel, "a woeful");
 I. iv. 41.
Barren, dull; I. v. 85.
Barricadoes, fortifications made in
 haste, obstructions; IV. ii. 39.
Barbling, insignificant, trifling; V.
 i. 53.
Barcock, a term of endearment;
 always used in masculine sense;
 III. iv. 123.
- Beagle*, a small dog; II. iii. 185.
Before me, by my soul; II. iii. 184.
Belike, I suppose; III. iii. 29.
Bent, tension; II. iv. 38.
Beshrew, a mild form of imprecation;
 IV. i. 61.
Besides, out of; IV. ii. 90.
Bespoke you fair, spoke kindly to you;
 V. i. 188.
Bias, originally the weighted side of
 a bowl; V. i. 260.
Bibble babble, idle talk; IV. ii. 101.
Biddy, "a call to allure chickens";
 III. iv. 126.
Bird-bolts, blunt-headed arrows; I. v.
 95.
Blazon, "coat-of-arms"; I. v. 303.
Blent=blended; I. v. 248.
Bloody, bloodthirsty; III. iv. 239.
Blows, inflates, puffs up; II. v. 45.
Bosom, the folds of the dress cover-
 ing the breast, stomacher; III. i.
 128.
Botcher, mender of old clothes; I. v.
 46.
Bottle-ale, bottled ale; II. iii. 29.
Bottom, ship, vessel; V. i. 56.
Brabble, brawl, broil; V. i. 64.
Branched, "adorned with needle-work,
 representing flowers and twigs";
 II. v. 49.
Breach, surf; II. i. 22.
Breast, voice; II. iii. 20.
Bred, begotten; I. ii. 22.
Brock, badger, a term of contempt;
 II. v. 106.
Brownist, a member of a Puritan
 sect; III. ii. 31.
Bum-bailiff, bailiff; III. iv. 190.
But=than; I. iv. 13.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Glossary

Buttery-bar; *buttery*, place where drink and food were kept; *bar*, place where they were served out; I. iii. 71.



Buttery-bar, Christ Church, Oxford.

By the duello, by the laws of duelling; III. iv. 329.

Canary, wine from the Canary Isles; I. iii. 81.

Cantos = cantos; I. v. 280.

Case, body, skin; V. i. 164.

Castiliano vulgo, "Spanish of Sir Toby's own making," perhaps it may mean, "Be as reticent as a Castilian now that one of the common herd is coming"; I. iii. 44.

Cataian, Chinese: used here as a term of reproach; II. iii. 77.

Catch, "a song sung in succession"; II. iii. 18.

Chain, the chain of office which stewards were accustomed to wear; II. iii. 124.

Chantry, a private chapel; IV. iii. 24.

Checks; "to check" is "a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game, and follows some other of inferior kind that crosses her in her flight"; II. v. 116; III. i. 69.

Cherry-pit, "a game consisting in pitching cherry-stones into a small hole"; III. iv. 127.

Cheveril, roe-buck leather; symbol of flexibility; III. i. 13.

Chuck, chicken, a term of endearment; III. iv. 124.

Civil, polite, well-mannered; III. iv. 5.

Clodpole, blockhead; III. iv. 208.

Cloistress, inhabitant of a cloister, nun; I. i. 28.

Cloyment, surfeit; II. iv. 101.

Cockatrice, an imaginary creature, supposed to be produced from a cock's egg, and to have so deadly an eye as to kill by its very look; III. iv. 211.

Collier; "the devil was called so because of his blackness"; *cp.* the proverb: "like will to like, quoth the devil to the collier"; III. iv. 128.

Colours; "fear no colours," fear no enemy; I. v. 6.

Comfortable, comforting; I. v. 232.

Commerce, conversation; III. iv. 187.

Compare, comparison; II. iv. 103.

Competitors, confederates; IV. ii. 12.

Complexion, external appearance; II. iv. 26.

Comptible, sensitive; I. v. 181.

Conceited, has formed an idea; III. iv. 316.

Conclusions to be as kisses, *i.e.* "as in a syllogism it takes two premises to make one conclusion, so it takes two people to make one kiss" (Cambridge edition); V. i. 20.

Conduct, guard, escort; III. iv. 260.

Consequently, subsequently; III. iv. 77.

Consideration; "on carpet c." = "a mere carpet knight"; III. iv. 254.

Constant, consistent, logical; IV. ii. 51.

Convents, is convenient; V. i. 382.

Coranto, a quick, lively dance; I. iii. 130.

Couplet, couple; III. iv. 401.

Coxcomb, head; V. i. 175.

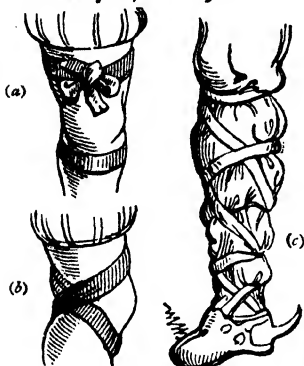
Coystrill, a mean, paltry fellow; I. iii. 41.

Coziars, botchers, cobblers; II. iii. 92.

Credit, intelligence; IV. iii. 6.

Glossary

Cross-gartered, alluding to the custom of wearing the garters crossed in various styles; II. v. 156.



Specimens of cross-gartering.

(a) and (b) Front and back views of a gentleman's knee, from an early XVIIth century tapestry.

(c) Tartar cross-gartering. From a book on costume, published at Antwerp, 1582.

Crowner, coroner; I. v. 137.

Cruelty, cruel one; II. iv. 82.

Cubiculo (one of Sir Toby's "affectioned" words), apartment; III. ii. 54.

"*Cucullus non facit monachum*" = a cowl does not make a monk; I. v. 57.

Cunning, skilful; I. v. 249.

Curt, sharp, shrewish; III. ii. 43.

Cut, a docked horse; II. iii. 193.

Cypress, probably "a coffin of Cypress-wood"; (others explain it as a shroud of cypress; Cotgrave mentions *white cypress*); II. iv. 53.

Cypress, crape (v. Note); III. i. 128.

Dally, play, trifle; III. i. 16.

Day-bed, couch, sofa; II. v. 50.

Deadly, death-like; I. v. 275.

Dear, heartfelt; V. i. 70.

Decervable, delusive; IV. iii. 21.

Dedication, devotedness; V. i. 81.

Deliver'd, set at liberty; V. i. 315.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

Denay, denial; II. iv. 126.

Deny, refuse; IV. i. 61.

Desperate, hopeless; II. ii. 8; reckless; V. i. 63.

Despite, malice; III. iv. 239.

Determinate, fixed; II. i. 10.

Dexteriously, dexterously; I. v. 61.

Diluculo surgere (*saluberrimum est*), to rise early is most healthful; II. iii. 2.

Dimension, bodily shape; I. v. 271; V. i. 237.

Discourse, reasoning; IV. iii. 12.

Dismount, draw from the scabbard; III. iv. 240.

Disorders, misconduct; II. iii. 100.

Dissemble, disguise; IV. ii. 5.

Distemper, make ill-humoured; II. i. 5.

Distempered, diseased; I. v. 93.

Dry, insipid; I. v. 44.

Egyptian thief; an allusion to Thyamis, a robber chief in the Greek Romance of *Theagenes and Chariclea* (trans. into English before 1587); the thief attempted to kill Chariclea, whom he loved, rather than lose her; by mistake he slew another person; V. i. 117.

Element, sky and air, I. i. 26; sphere, III. i. 63. *The four elements*, i.e. fire, air, water, earth, II. iii. 10. (See illustration.)



From the *Myrrour and Dyscrycyon of the Worlde*, with many Mervayles (c. 1525).

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Glossary

- Elephant*, the name of an inn; III. iii. 39.
- Enchantment*, love-charm; III. i. 119.
- Encounter*, go towards; used affectedly; III. i. 79.
- Endeavour thyself*, try; IV. ii. 100.
- Enlarge*, release; V. i. 278.
- Entertainment*, treatment; I. v. 225.
- Estimable wonder*, admiring judgment; II. i. 27.
- Except, before excepted*, alluding to the common law-phrase; I. iii. 7.
- Expenses*, a tip, douceur; III. i. 48.
- Expressure*, expression; II. iii. 164.
- Extent*, conduct, behaviour; IV. i. 56.
- Extracting* (later Folios "exacting"), "drawing other thoughts from my mind"; V. i. 281.
- Extravagancy*, vagrancy; II. i. 11.
- Fadge*, prosper; II. ii. 34.
- Fall*, strain, cadence; I. i. 4.
- Fancy*, love; I. i. 14; V. i. 388.
- Fantastical*, fanciful, creative; I. i. 15.
- 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs begone'*, etc., altered from Corydon's *Farewell to Phillis* (Percy's *Reliques*); II. iii. 105.
- Favour*, face, form; II. iv. 24; III. iv. 352.
- Feature*, external form, body; III. iv. 389.
- Fecingly*, exactly; II. iii. 165.
- Fellow*, companion; III. iv. 82.
- Firago*, corruption of virago; III. iv. 296.
- Fire-new*, brand-new; III. ii. 21.
- Fit*, becoming, suitable; III. i. 72.
- Flatter with*, encourage with hopes; I. v. 313.
- Flesh'd*, "made fierce and eager for combat, as a dog fed with flesh only"; IV. i. 43.
- Fond*, dote; II. ii. 35.
- Forgive*, excuse; I. v. 200.
- For that*, because; III. i. 161.
- Fourteen years' purchase*, i.e. "at a high rate," the current price in Shakespeare's time being twelve years' purchase; IV. i. 24.
- Fraught*, freight; V. i. 60.
- Free*, careless (or perhaps graceful, comely; cp. "fair and free"); II. iv. 46.
- Fresh in murmur*, begun to be rumoured; I. ii. 32.
- Fright*, affright; V. i. 236.
- From*; "f. Candy," i.e. "on her voyage from Candy"; V. i. 60.
- Fulsome*, gross, distasteful; V. i. 108.
- Galliard*, a lively French dance; I. iii. 121.
- Gaskins*, a kind of loose breeches; I. v. 25.
- Geck*, dupe; V. i. 343.
- Gentleness*, kindness, good-will; II. i. 44.
- Giddily*, negligently; II. iv. 86.
- Gin*, snare; II. v. 85.
- Ginger*, a favourite spice in Shakespeare's time, especially with old people; frequently referred to by Shakespeare; II. iii. 121.
- Goes even*, agrees, tallies; V. i. 239.
- Good life*, jollity, with a play upon the literal meaning of the word, "virtuous living"; II. iii. 37-39.
- Goodman*, (Folios "good man"), a familiar appellation, sometimes used contemptuously; IV. ii. 135.
- Grace*, virtue; V. i. 31.
- Gracious*, full of graces; I. v. 272.
- Grain*; "in grain," natural; I. v. 247.
- Gratillity*, clown's blunder for "gratuity"; II. iii. 27.
- Greek*; "foolish Greek," i.e. jester, merry-maker (cp. "Matthew Merry-greek" in *Ralph Roister Doister*); "the Greeks were proverbially spoken of by the Romans as fond of good living and free potations" (Nares); IV. i. 19.
- Grize*, step, degree; III. i. 131.

Glossary

Grizzle, a tinge of grey (perhaps a grisly beard); V. i. 164.
Gust = gusto, enjoyment; I. iii. 32.

Haggard, a wild untrained hawk; III. i. 69.

Hale, draw; III. ii. 62.

Haply, perhaps; IV. ii. 54.

Having, possessions; III. iv. 368.

Heat, course; I. i. 26.

"*Hry Robin, jolly Robin*," etc., an old ballad (to be found in the *Reliques*, Percy); IV. ii. 76-7.

High = highly; I. i. 15.

Hob nob, "have or have not, hit or miss, at random"; III. iv. 258.

"*Hold thy peace, thou knave*," an old three-part catch, so arranged that each singer calls the other "knave" in turn; II. iii. 66.

Honesty, "decency, love of what is becoming"; II. iii. 89.

Horrible, horribly; III. iv. 192.

Hull, float; I. v. 212.

Humour of state, "capricious insolence of authority"; II. v. 54.

Idleness, frivolousness; I. v. 65.

Impetuous, to impocket or impetticoat; one of the clown's nonsense words; II. iii. 27.

Importance, importunity; V. i. 363.

Impressure, impression; II. v. 95.

Incensement, exasperation; III. iv. 256.

Incredulous, incredible; III. iv. 86.

Ingrateful, ungrateful; V. i. 76.

Interchangement, interchange; V. i. 158.

Into, unto; V. i. 83.

Jealousy, apprehension; III. iii. 8.

Jets, struts; II. v. 34.

Jewel, a piece of jewellery; III. iv. 224.

Jezabel, used vaguely as a term of reproach; II. v. 43.

Joinder, joining; V. i. 156.

Jump, tally; V. i. 252.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

Kickshaws = kickshaws; I. iii. 117.
Kindness, tenderness; II. i. 40.

Lapsed, surprised; III. iii. 36.

Late, lately; I. ii. 30; III. i. 41.

Leasing, lying; I. v. 100.

Leman, lover, sweetheart; II. iii. 26.

Lenten, scanty, poor; I. v. 9.

Lets, hinders; V. i. 249.

Lies, dwells; III. i. 8.

Lighter, inferior in position; V. i. 339.
Limed, caught with bird-lime, ensnared; III. iv. 80.

List, boundary, limit; III. i. 83.

Little, a little; V. i. 170.

Liver, popularly supposed to be the seat of the emotions; II. iv. 100; III. ii. 20.

Love-broker, agent between lovers; III. ii. 37.

Lowly, mean, base; III. i. 106.

Lucrece; "her L.," i.e. her seal; *cp.* the following illustration with head of Lucrece; II. v. 96.



An antique ring of Niello work, with the head of Lucrece. From an engraving by F. W. Fairholt.

Lullaby, "good night"; V. i. 44.

Maidenhead = maidenhood; I. v. 226.

Malapert, saucy, forward; IV. i. 47.

Malignancy, malevolence; II. i. 4.

Maugre, in spite of; III. i. 158.

Meddle, fight; III. iv. 271.

Metal (Folio 1, "mettle"; Folio 2, "nettle"); "metal of India" = "my golden girl, my jewel"; (others explain "nettle of India" as the *Urtica marina*, a plant of itching properties); II. v. 15.

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Glossary

Minion, favourite, darling; V. i. 124.

Minx, a pert woman; III. iv. 131.

Miscarry, be lost, die; III. iv. 68.

Misprision, misapprehension; I. v. 56.

Mistress Mall; possibly "a mere personification," like "my lady's eldest son" in *Much Ado*; I. iii. 128.



Mistress Mall's picture.
From the title-page of Middleton and Decker's comedy. *The Roaring Girl, or Moll Cut-purse* (1611).

Mollification; "some m. for your giant," i.e. "something to pacify your gigantic(!) waiting-maid"; I. v. 213.

Monster, unnatural creature; II. ii. 35.

Mortal, deadly; III. iv. 281.

Mouse, a term of endearment; I. v. 64.

Nayword, by-word; II. iii. 141.

Newly, lately; V. i. 154.

Nicely, sophisticatedly, subtilely; III. i. 16.

Non-regardance, disregard; V. i. 120.

Not, used pleonastically after "forbid"; II. ii. 19.

Note; "come to note," i.e. "become known"; IV. iii. 29.

Notorious, notable; V. i. 329.

Numbers, measure of the verses; II. v. 104.

Nuncio, messenger; I. iv. 28.

Of=on; III. iv. 2; for the sake of; V. i. 230.

On=at; II. ii. 3.

Opal, a precious stone supposed to change its colours; II. iv. 76.

Open, openly; III. iii. 37.

Opposite, opponent; III. ii. 66; III. iv. 249.

Opposite, hostile; II. v. 150.

Orb, earth; III. i. 42.

Orbed continent, the sun; V. i. 271.

Other gates, in another way; V. i. 194.

"O, the twelfth day of December," the opening of some old ballad now lost; II. iii. 86.

Over-swear, repeat, swear over again; V. i. 269.

Owe=own; I. v. 320.

Parish-top, alluding to the large top kept in every village, for the peasants to whip in frosty weather, for the purpose of keeping themselves warm and out of mischief; I. iii. 43.

Part, in part, partly; III. iv. 366.

Passages, acts; III. ii. 75.

Pass upon (literally, to thrust), to make a push in fencing; make sallies of wit; III. i. 47.

Pedant, schoolmaster, III. ii. 78.

Pecvish, silly, wilful, I. v. 310.

"*Peg-a-Ramsay*," the name of an old ballad now unknown; II. iii. 78.

Penthesilea, the queen of the Amazons; II. iii. 183.

Glossary

- Perchance*, by chance; I. ii. 6.
Perdy, a corruption of *par Dieu*; IV. ii. 79.
Perpend, attend, listen; V. i. 299.
Personage, personal appearance; I. v. 160.
Perspective deception; V. i. 217.
Pilchard, a fish strongly resembling the herring; III. i. 38.
Pipe, voice; I. iv. 32.
"Please one, and please all"; the title of an old ballad (entered on the Stationers' Registers in Jan. 18, 1591-92; printed in Staunton's Shakespeare); III. iv. 25.
Pluck on, excite; V. i. 366.
Point-de-visé, exactly; II. v. 165.
Points, suspenders; I. v. 23.



From a MS. (6076 Paris National Library) of *The Four Sons of Aymon*. The figure (of a man partially stripped for execution) shows how the "points" secured the hose to the upper garment.

- Possess us*, put us in possession, tell us; II. iii. 144.
Post, messenger; I. v. 294.
Practice, plot; V. i. 352.
Praise=appraise; (perhaps (?) with a play upon the two senses of *praise*); I. v. 259.
Pranks, adorns; II. iv. 88.
Pregnant, clever, expert; II. ii. 29; III. i. 97.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

- Present*, i.e. present wealth; III. iv. 369.
Presently, immediately; III. iv. 213.
Prevented, anticipated; III. i. 90.
Private, privacy; III. iv. 97.
Probation, examination; II. v. 131.
Proof; "vulgar p." common experience; III. i. 131.
Proper, handsome; III. i. 140; own; V. i. 319.
Proper-false, "well-looking and deceitful"; II. ii. 30.
Propertied, taken possession of; IV. ii. 95.
Propriety, individuality, thyself; V. i. 146.
Pure, purely; V. i. 82.
Question; "in contempt of q." past question; II. v. 90.
Quick, living, lively; I. i. 9.
Quinapalut, an imaginary philosopher; I. v. 35.
Quirk, humour, caprice; III. iv. 264.
Receiving, understanding, quick wit; III. i. 127.
Recollected, variously interpreted to mean, (1) studied; (2) refined; (3) trivial; "recollected terms" perhaps=popular refrains (? "terms" = "turns" or "tunes"); II. iv. 5.
Record, memory; V. i. 246.
Recover, win; II. iii. 190.
Regard, look, glance; V. i. 212.
Reins, is governed by the bridle; III. iv. 347.
Reliques, memorials; III. iii. 19.
Renown, make famous; III. iii. 24.
Reverberate, reverberating, echoing; I. v. 282.
Round, plain; II. iii. 97.
Rub with crum, to clean; II. iii. 123.
Rubious, red, rosy; I. iv. 32.
Rudeby, blusterer; IV. i. 54.
Rute, behaviour; II. iii. 127.
Sack, Spanish and Canary wine; II. iii. 196.
Sad, serious; III. iv. 5.

Saint Bennet, probably St Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, London, destroyed in the great fire; V. i. 38.
Scab, a term of reproach or disgust; II. v. 77.
Scout, watch; III. iv. 189.
Self, self-same (perhaps with the force of "exclusive," "absolute"); I. i. 39.
Semblative, seeming, like; I. iv. 34.
"Shake your ears," an expression of contempt, "grumble at your pleasure"; II. iii. 129.
She, woman; I. v. 250.
Sheep-biter, a cant term for a thief; II. v. 5.
Shent, chidden; IV. ii. 108.
Sheriff's post; alluding to the custom of sheriffs setting up posts at their doors, upon which to place notices and proclamations; I. v. 152.
Shrewishly, pertly; I. v. 166.
Silly sooth, simple truth; II. iv. 47.
Sir, gentleman, lord; III. iv. 79; title formerly applied to the inferior clergy; IV. ii. 2.
Skillless, inexperienced; III. iii. 9.
Skills, matters; V. i. 288.
Skipping, wild, mad; I. v. 210.
'Slid, a corruption of "by God's lid"; III. iv. 415.
'Slight, a corruption of "God's light"; II. v. 35; III. ii. 12.
Snack up, an exclamation of contempt; go and be hanged; II. iii. 96.
Sophy, Shah of Persia; II. v. 184; III. iv. 301.
Sound, clear; I. iv. 33.



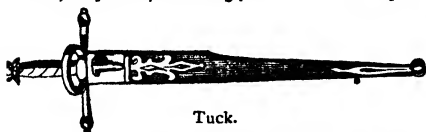
Sheriff's Post.
 From a specimen preserved at Norwich.

Sowter, name of a hound; II. v. 125.
Spinsters, female spinners; II. iv. 45.
Spoke, said; I. iv. 20.
Squash, an immature peascod; I. v. 162.
Stable, steady; IV. iii. 19.
Standing water, between the ebb and flood of the tide; I. v. 164.
Staniel (Folios, "stallion," corrected by Hanmer), a kind of hawk; II. v. 116.
State=condition, fortune; I. v. 288; V. i. 63.
State, chair of State; II. v. 47.
Stitches; a sharp pain; III. ii. 71.
Stock, stocking; I. iii. 138.
Stone-bow, "a cross-bow, from which stones or bullets were shot"; II. v. 48.
Stoup, a drinking vessel; II. iii. 124.
Strange, stout, reserved and proud; II. v. 173.
Strange, estranged; V. i. 212.
Strangeness, reserve; IV. i. 16.
Strangle, suppress; V. i. 146.
Stuck, stoccato, a thrust in fencing; III. iv. 297.
Subtractors; Sir Toby's blunder for "detractors"; I. iii. 36.
Suited, clad; V. i. 234.
Supportance, upholding; III. iv. 322.
Swabber, one who scrubs the ship's deck; I. v. 212.
Swarths, swaths; II. iii. 155.
Sweeting, a term of endearment; II. iii. 43.
Tabor, an instrument used by professional clowns; III. i. 2.
Taffeta, a fine smooth stuff of silk; II. iv. 75.
Tainting of, bringing discredit upon; V. i. 137.
Take up, acknowledge; V. i. 147.
Tall, used ironically; I. iii. 20.
Tang, twang; II. v. 152.
Tartar, Tartarus; II. v. 210.
Taste, put to use, try; III. i. 84.
Taxation, tax, demand; I. v. 219.
Tender, hold dear; V. i. 125.

Glossary

TWELFTH NIGHT;

Terms, words, "recollected terms,"
wide; II. iv. 5.
Testril, sixpence; II. iii. 34.



Tuck.

From a specimen in the possession of Lord Londesborough.

"*There dwelt a man in Babylon*," a line
from the old ballad of *Susanna* (cp.
Romeo and Juliet, II. iv. 151; II. iii. 81.
"*Three merry men be we*," a fragment
of an old song; frequently quoted

Tuck, rapier; III. iv. 240.

Unauspicious, inauspicious; V. i.

112.

Unchary, heedlessly; III. iv.

218.

Ungird, relax; IV. i.

16.

Unhatched, "unhacked, not
blunted by blows"; III.

iv. 253.

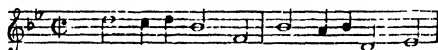
Unprizable, invaluable; V. i. 54.

Unprofitd, profitless; I. iv. 22.

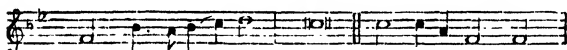
Upon, because of, in consequence of;
V. i. 361.

Use, usury; III. i. 55.

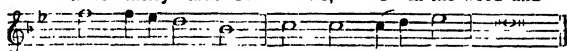
Sir Toby



Three merry men, and three merry men, and



three merry men be we, I in the wood and



thou on the ground, And Jack sleeps in the tree.

From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music*.

by the dramatists (cp. Chappell's
Popular Music); II. iii. 78.

Throw, a throw with the dice, hence
"cast, or venture"; V. i. 41.

Tillyvally, an exclamation of con-
tempt; II. iii. 80.

Time-pleaser, timeserver, flatterer; II.
iii. 153.

Tinkers, menders of old brass; "pro-
verbial tipplers and would-be
politicians"; II. iii. 90.

Trade, business; III. i. 80.

Travel of regard, looking about; II. v. 55.

Tray-trip, a game like backgammon;
II. v. 193.

Trouble; "your tr." the trouble I
have caused you; II. i. 34.

Trunks, alluding to the elaborately
carved chests in use in Shakespeare's
time; III. iv. 393.

Validity, value; I. i. 12.

Venerable, worthy of veneration; III.
iv. 386.

Vice, the buf-
foon of the
old moral-
ity plays;
IV. ii. 128.

*Viol-de-gam-
boys*; Sir
Toby's
blunder for
*viol da gam-
ba*, a base-
viol or vio-
loncello, a
fashionable
instrument
of that time
I. iii. 25.



Viol-de-gamboys.

From the alchemical MS.
in the Harleian collec-
tion.

Vouchsafed, vouchsafing; III. i. 96.

Wainropes, waggon-ropes; III. ii. 62.

Ware: "Bed of Ware"; a huge bed, capable of holding twelve persons; formerly at the Saracen's Head Inn at Ware, and now at the Rye-House; III. ii. 49. (See illustration.)

Was, had been; IV. iii. 6.

Waters; "I am for all waters," i.e. "I can turn my hand to anything: like a fish, I can swim equally well in all waters"; IV. ii. 66.

Weaver, alluding perhaps to the psalm-singing propensities of the weavers; II. iii. 60.

Weeds, garments; V. i. 255.

Welkin, sky; II. iii. 58; III. i. 63.

Well-a-day, an exclamation expressive of grief; "welaway," alas! IV. ii. 112.

Were best, had better; III. iv. 12.

Were better, had better, II. ii. 27.

"*Westward - ho!*" an exclamation often used by the boatmen on the Thames; III. i. 141.

What, at which; IV. iii. 30.

What's she=who is she; I. ii. 35.

Whiles=while; III. iii. 41; until; IV. iii. 29.

Whipstock, whip-handle; II. iii. 28.

Windy, safe; III. iv. 177.

With, by; I. v. 86.

Wits; "five wits," viz. "common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory"; IV. ii. 90.

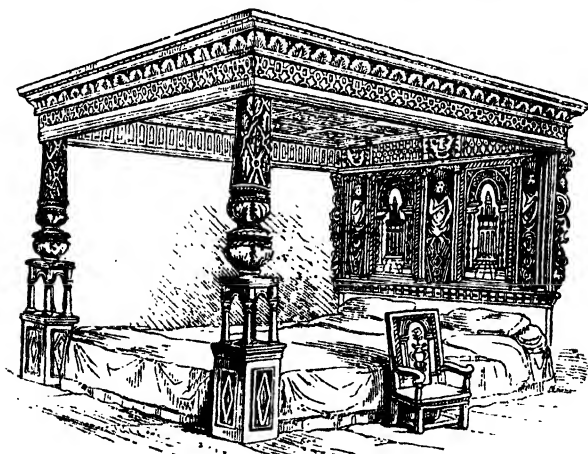
Woodcock; a bird popularly supposed to have no brains, hence the word was commonly used for a fool; II. v. 85; IV. ii. 61.

Worth, substance, wealth; III. iii. 17.

Yare, ready, active; III. iv. 240.

Yeoman of the wardrobe, a regular title of office in Shakespeare's time; II. v. 42.

Zanies, "subordinate buffoons whose office was to make awkward attempts at mimicking the tricks of the professional clown"; I. v. 91.



TWELFTH NIGHT;

Notes.

I. i. 5. 'sound;' so the Folios; Pope changed it to 'south,' and editors have generally accepted this emendation, but it seems unnecessary: Grant White appropriately asks, "Did Pope, or the editors who have followed him, ever lie musing on the sward at the edge of a wood, and hear the low sweet hum of the summer air, as it kissed the coyly-shrinking wild flowers upon the banks, and passed on loaded with fragrance from the sweet salute?"

I. i. 22. 'like fell and cruel hounds'; referring to the story of Actæon.

I. i. 38. 'all supplied, and filled'; the comma after 'supplied' is not in the Folio: its insertion simplifies the lines. Others leave the Folio reading, but bracket 'her sweet perfections' in the next line; making them appositional to 'thrones.'

I. ii. 15. 'Arion on the dolphin's back'; the Folios misprint 'Orion' for 'Arion.' Cp. the famous passage—"Oberon's Vision"—in *Midsummer Night's Dream*.



Arion on the dolphin's back.

From B. Küchler's *Representatio der Fürstlichen Auffg.* . . .
Herren Joh. Friedrich Hertsogen zu Württemberg (1609).

I. iii. 72. 'bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink'; "a proverbial phrase among Abigail's, to ask at once for a kiss and a present" (Kenrick).

I. iii. 96. 'Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair'; Sir Toby evidently plays upon 'tongues' and 'tongs' (i.e. curling-tongs).

I. iii. 120. 'an old man'; Theobald proposed to read 'a noble man,' taking the allusion to be to Orsino. Clarke explains 'an old man' as 'a man of experience'; "the word *old*," he adds, "gives precisely that absurd effect of refraining from competing in dancing, fencing, etc., with exactly the antagonist

incapacitated by age over whom Sir Andrew might hope to prove his superiority."

I. iii. 141. '*That's sides and heart*'; Sir Andrew and Sir Toby are wrong in the parts assigned to Taurus in the old astrological figures of the human body. Taurus was supposed to govern the neck and throat.

I. iv. 3. '*three days*'; Mr Daniel points out in his 'Time Analysis' that this statement is inconsistent with the Duke's words in V. i. 102, '*Three months this youth hath tended upon me*.'

II. i. 17. '*Messaline*'; possibly an error for Mitylene, as Capell conjectured.

II. iii. 17. '*the picture of "we three"*'; "a common sign, in which two wooden heads are exhibited with this inscription under it, '*We three logger-heads be*,' the spectator being supposed to make the third" (Malone).

II. iii. 23-25. '*Pigrogromitus . . . of Queubus*,' etc. Mr Swinburne sees in these 'freaks of nomenclature' the direct influence of Rabelais (*cp. A Study of Shakespeare*, pp. 155, 156).

II. iii. 40. '*O mistress mine*,' etc.; "this tune is contained in both the editions of Morley's *Consort Lessons*, 1599 and 1611. It is also found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, arranged by Boyd. As it is to be found in print in 1599, it proves either that Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was written in or before that year, or that, in accordance with the then prevailing custom, '*O mistress mine*,' was an old song, introduced into the play" (Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*).

II. iii. 117. '*Out o' tune, sir: ye lie*'; Theobald proposed '*time, sir?*' which has been very generally adopted. The reading of the Folios may well stand without change. Sir Toby says to the Clown that he is out of tune and lies in declaring '*no, no, no, you dare not*' (i.e. dare not bid Malvolio go). Hence next words '*Art any more than a steward*,' addressed to Malvolio.

II. v. 41. '*the lady of the Strachy*'; this is one of the unsettled problems in Shakespeare. Hunter ingeniously suggested that Shakespeare ridicules, in the scene between the Clown, as Sir Topas, and Malvolio (IV. ii.), the exorcisms by Puritan ministers, in the case of a family named *Starchy* (1596-99), and that the difficult *Strachy* was a hint to the audience to expect subsequent allusion to the Starchy affair. Others suggest '*Sirozzi*,' '*Stracci*,' '*Stratarch*.' Halliwell refers to a Russian word meaning lawyer or judge. The incident of a lady of high rank marrying her steward is the subject of Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*.

II. v. 66, 67. '*with cars*'; so Folio 1; the later Folios, '*with cares*'; Johnson, '*with carts*'; many emendations have been proposed. Clarke defends the original reading, and compares '*A team of horse shall not pluck that from me*' (*Two Gentlemen*, III. i. 265); Hanmer's suggestion '*by th' ears*' has been generally adopted.

II. v. 155. '*yellow stockings*'; these were much worn in Shakespeare's time, and have still survived to our own day in the yellow stockings worn by the 'Blue Coat boys.'

III. i. 54. '*these*,' i.e. these coins which Viola has given him.

III. i. 60. '*Cressida was a beggar*'; 'according to the story Cressida finally became a leper and begged by the roadside.'

III. i. 69. '*And, like the haggard, check at every feather*'; so the Folios; Johnson proposed '*not*' for '*and*,' and this reading has reasonably been adopted by most editors; '*to check*' is "a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game, and follows some other of inferior kind that crosses her in her flight"; the meaning therefore of the Folio reading would be 'that he must catch at every opportunity,' but this does not suit the context: the wise Clown must be discriminative; hence Johnson's '*not*.'

III. i. 73. '*wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit*'; Folio 1, '*wisemens folly fulne*'; Hanmer and Warburton, '*wise men's folly shown*'; the text is Theobald's, and is generally adopted.

III. i. 128. '*a cypress, not a bosom, Hides my heart*'; the force of these words has, it would seem, been missed; the point of the '*cypress*' is not its blackness but its transparency. Cp. '*The Bullad of Robin Hood, Scarlet and John*':—

"Cypress over her face,
Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush
All in a comely grace."

'*Bosom*' must, I think, be used in this passage in the sense of 'the bosom of the dress' which conceals the body. Olivia says, 'you can see my heart; a thin gauze as it were hides it, not a stomacher.'

III. ii. 26. '*sailed into the north*,' etc.; perhaps this is a reference to the discovery of Northern Nova Zembla by the Dutchman Barenz in 1596. (Cp. C. H. Coote's paper on '*the new map*,' l. 83. *New Shakespeare Society Publications*, 1878).

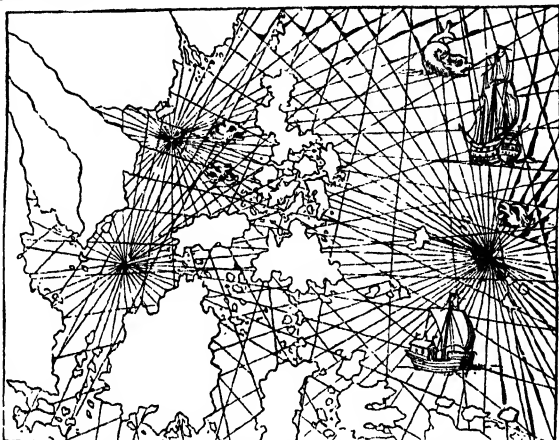
III. ii. 68. '*youngest wren of nine*'; Folio, '*mine*,' emended by Theobald. The wren is said to lay nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatched nestling is usually the smallest of the whole brood.

III. ii. 83. '*the new map with the augmentation of the Indies*'; no doubt a reference to the map which Hallam, in his *Literature of Europe*, calls 'the best map of the 16th century': it is found in the first edition of Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1589), but as it records discoveries made at least seven years later, it was in all probability a separate map, well known at the time, and made so as to be inserted in Hakluyt: the author was probably Mr. Emmeric Mollineux, who was also the first Englishman to make a terrestrial globe. It is noteworthy that the map shows a marked development of the

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Notes

geography of India proper, etc. (*Cp. Transactions of the New Shakespeare Society*, 1877-79).



Part (showing Borneo, Celebes, etc.) of a map of the Indies in Linschoten's *Discours of Voyages into the E. and W. Indies* (1598)

III. iii. 15. '*And thanks; and ever thanks; and oft good turns.*' The Cambridge editors indicate by dots that some word has dropped out between '*ever*' and '*oft*.' Many emendations have been proposed. Theobald's suggestion has been adopted; the Old Spelling Shakespeare reads

'And thanks; and, ever oft, good turns . . .'

'*ever oft*' in the sense of 'with perpetual frequency.'

IV. i. 14, 15. '*I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney*'; so the Folios; the lines evidently mean "I am afraid affectation and foppery will overspread the world" (Johnson); it has been proposed to change '*world*' into '*word*' (*i.e.* with reference to '*vent*'): others read '*this great lubberly world*'; Knight explains that the words are spoken aside, and mean, 'I am afraid the world will prove this great lubber (Sebastian) a cockney.' This seems very strained, and probably the simplest reading of the passage is the best.

IV. ii. 14. '*the old hermit of Prague*'; Douce points out that the allusion is "not to the celebrated heresiarch, Jerome of Prague, but another of that name, born likewise at Prague, and called the *hermit* of Camaldoli in Tuscany."

IV. ii. 40. '*clearstories*'; Folio 1, '*cleere stores*'; Folio 2, '*cleare stores*'.

Notes

TWELFTH NIGHT

the reading adopted is Blakeway's conjecture in Boswell: '*clerestory*' is the name given to the windows above the arches of the nave of a Gothic church.

IV. ii. 135. '*goodman devil*'; Folio 1, '*good man diuell*'; Rowe's '*goodman Drivel*,' seems the most plausible emendation, if any is necessary; Folio 2 reads '*good man Direll*.'

V. i. 113. '*My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out*'; the Folios '*haue*,' corrected by Capell, but probably Shakespeare's own reading; the plural for the singular, owing to the plural object ('*faithfull'st offerings*') preceding the verb.

V. i. 200-1. '*a passy measures pavin*'; Folio 1, '*punyn*'; Folio 2, '*Pavin*'; various emendations have been suggested, but there is little doubt that the reading in the text is the correct one. '*Passy measures*' is a corruption of



Passo-e-mezzo.

Pavana.

From *Il Ballarino di M. Fabritio Caloso da Sermoneta* (Venice, 1581).

the Italian '*passamezzo*,' which word Florio explains as '*a passa-measure in dancing, a cinque pace*'; it was a slow dance, differing little from the action of walking. '*Pavin*' was a grave Spanish dance. Cp. Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music*, 201 ff. According to Halliwell, the *passy measures pavin* is described as follows in an early MS. list of dances:—'*The passinge measure Pavyn—2 singles and a double forward, and 2 singles syde.—Reprince back.*' Sir Toby means, therefore, that '*the surgeon is a rogue and a grave solemn coxcomb.*'

V. i. 362. '*against*.' Tyrwhitt's conjecture '*in*' has a good deal in its favour; '*against*' may have been caught from line 360.

THE WINTER'S TALE

Preface.

The First Edition. *The Winter's Tale* appeared for the first time in the **First Folio**, where it is the last of the 'Comedies.' It is perhaps the most carefully printed play in the Folio. At the end of the play the 'Names of the Actors' are given.

Date of Composition. (I.) Apart from considerations of style, the following facts make it almost certain that *The Winter's Tale* was one of Shakespeare's latest productions, and may safely be assigned to the years 1610-11:—(i.) It is mentioned in the *Office-Book* of Sir Henry Herbert as an old play ("formerly allowed of Sir George Buck, and likewise by me on Mr. Hemming's word that there is nothing profane added or reformed, though the allowed book was missing, and therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19 of August 1623"). Sir George Buck took possession of the office of Master of the Revels in August 1610. (ii.) Dr. Simon Forman in his '*Book of Plaies and Notes thereof*' has a lengthy reference to a performance of this play at the Globe Theatre on May 15th, 1611. Judging by Forman's careful analysis of the plot, it must have been a new play at that time. (iii.) Ben Jonson mentions it with *The Tempest* in the Induction to his *Bartholomew Fair* (1612-1614): "If there be never a *Servant monster* i' the *Fayre*, who can help it, he sayes; nor of nest of *Antiques*? He is loth to make nature afraid in his *Plays*, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*."

(II.) Internal tests fully corroborate the external evidence:—(i.) With the exception of the prologue-like chorus scene of Act IV., no five-measure lines are rhymed; (ii.) run-on lines and double-endings abound; (iii.) the logical structure is 'more elliptical, involved, and perplexing than that of any other work of Shakespeare's'; (iv.) furthermore, the remarkable two-fold structure of the play gives to it the appearance of being one of Shakespeare's boldest experiments in dramatic art. "It is rare, if not unprecedented, in any art," observes Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, "to find an effective whole resulting from the blank opposition of two precisely counterbalanced halves when not united by common reference to some declared third magnitude. Nor is such a uniting power wanting in the present instance, whatever may appear to external

Preface

THE WINTER'S TALE

view"; (v.) finally, there are the unmistakeable links connecting *The Winter's Tale* with *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Tempest*, 'its companion and complement'—the Romances which belong to the close of the poet's life. On them all his gentle spirit seems to rest; 'Timon the misanthrope' no longer delights him; his visions are of human joy—scenes of forgiveness, reconciliation, and peace—a world where father is re-united with child, husband with wife, brother with brother, friend with friend. Like his own *Miranda*, Shakespeare in these Romances again finds the world beautiful:—

'O wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world

That has such people in't!'

The Sources of the Plot. The story of *The Winter's Tale* was derived from one of the most popular of Elizabethan novels—probably based on some real episode in the history of Poland and Bohemia in the XIVth century (*cp. Englische Studien*, 1878, 1888)—'Pandosto: the Triumph of Time' (or, 'Dorastus and Fawnia'); "where-

in," according to its modest title-page, "is discovered by a pleasant History, that although by the means of sinister fortune, Truth may be concealed, yet by Time in spite of fortune it is most manifestly revealed: pleasant for age to avoid drowsy thoughts, profitable for youth to eschew other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content. *Temporis filia veritas*."* The book first appeared in 1588; its success may be gathered from the fact that no less than fourteen editions are known to have been issued. Its author was none other than the novelist Robert Greene, 'Maister of Artes in Cambridge,' whose death-bed utterances, reported in his 'Groat-worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance,' anticipated a veritable 'Triumph of Time,' save that the absolute *Johannes Factotum*, 'Maister of Artes in Neither University,' was destined to become, not in his own conceit, but by universal acclamation, 'the only Shake-scene



The two lovers.

From the title page of '*Dorastus and Fawnia*.'

whose death-bed utterances, reported in his 'Groat-worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance,' anticipated a veritable 'Triumph of Time,' save that the absolute *Johannes Factotum*, 'Maister of Artes in Neither University,' was destined to become, not in his own conceit, but by universal acclamation, 'the only Shake-scene

* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*. (*Cp. Coleridge's adaptation.*)

THE WINTER'S TALE

Preface

in a country.' The 'scald, lying, trivial pamphlet' (as its apologetic publisher subsequently described it) could not have had reference to *The Winter's Tale*, at least in the form we know it; in all probability the old quarrel was altogether forgotten, Shakespeare certainly bore no resentment to Greene's memory, when he 'beautified himself' with the fine feathers of *Dorastus and Fawnia*.*

The Novel and the Play. Greene's then is the ground; Shakespeare's name is graven on the workmanship. Some notable refinements due to the dramatist are the following:—(i.) in the novel Hermione's prototype actually dies upon hearing of the death of her son; (ii.) her husband destroys himself, after becoming enamoured of his unknown daughter; (iii.) the characters of Paulina, Autolycus, and Antigonus are entirely Shakespeare's; (iv.) Hermione's character is ennobled throughout; Shakespeare admits no 'incautiousness' on her part, no unqueenly condescension in meeting the charge; (v.) Bohemia takes the place of Sicily, and *vice versa*, "apparently from a feeling that Bohemia carried better than Sicily, the associations of deserts and remoteness"; finally, (vi.) the names are changed throughout:—Polixenes = Pandosto; Leontes = Egistus; Hermione = Bellaria; Mamillius = Garinter; Florizel = Dorastus; Perdita = Fawnia. The Greek element in Shakespeare's list of names is striking, and should perhaps be considered in connexion with the *Alcestis* motif of the closing scene of the play. *The Winter's Tale*, from this latter point of view, suggests comparison with the 'tragi-comedy' of Euripides. One cannot but think that, by some means or other, directly or indirectly, Shakespeare owed his *dénouement* to the Greek dramatist,—certainly to the Greek story.†

* A few critics are inclined to find a hit at Shakespeare in Marlowe's *Dido*, as finished by Nash, and adduce the following couplet as evidence that *The Winter's Tale* was an early play! | Æneas says:—

'Who would not undergo all kinds of toil,
To be well-stored with such a Winter's Tale?'

† (p. *Alcestis*, ll. 1121-1134, which have been translated as follows:—

"Hercules. Toward her turn thine eyes,
And say if she resembleth not thy wife.
Rest happy now, and all thy pains forget.
Admetus. O ye immortal gods! what can I say
At this unhop'd, unlooked for miracle?
Do I in truth behold my wife, or doth
Some phantom of delight o'erpower my sense?
Hercules. This is no phantom but your own true wife.
Admetus. Art sure she is no ghost from the nether world?
Hercules. You did not think a sorcerer was your guest."

Preface

THE WINTER'S TALE

Autolycus. Shakespeare's rogue has a distinguished pedigree; his ancestor dwelt on Parnassus, where he was visited by his grandson Ulysses. A slight character sketch is given of him in Book XIX. of the *Odyssey*, 392-8:—



Autolycus.
From a XVIth century woodcut.

"Autolycus, who th' art
Of theft and swearing (not out of the heart
But by equivocation) first adorn'd
Your witty man withal, and was suborn'd
By Jove's descend'nt, ingenious Mercury!"*

Shakespeare, in all probability, first became acquainted with Autolycus in the pages of his favourite Ovid, perhaps in Golding's translation (*cp. Metamorphoses*, Bk. XI.).†

The Seaboard of Bohemia. Drummond of Hawthornden, in his famous '*Conversations*,' recorded that Ben Jonson said, "Shakespeare wanted art and sometimes sense, for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea nearly 100 miles." This censure has been frequently repeated. As a matter of fact, Shakespeare follows Greene in this geographical detail. He may or may not have known better; incongruities and anachronisms are not out of place in '*A Winter's Tale*'; he certainly bettered Greene's example, "making Whitsun pastorals, Christian burial, Giulio Romano, the Emperor of Russia, and Puritans singing psalms to hornpipes, all contemporary with the oracle of Delphi,"—the island of Delphi!

Admetus. O form and feature of my dearest wife,
Against all hope thou once again art mine." (W. F. NEVINS.)

Observe, too, that Alcestis dare not speak to Admetus for three days; Hermione similarly '*lives, though yet she speaks not*'; when she does find voice, it is to call a blessing on Perdita; no word is addressed to Leontes. There are other remarkable parallels in the two plays.

* Chapman's paraphrase (pub 1616); *cp.* "My father nam'd me Autolycus, who being as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper up of unconsider'd trifles."

† It is possible that Shakespeare's Autolycus owed something to Thomas Newbery's '*Book of Dives Pragmaticus*,' 1563 (reprinted in Huth's '*Fugitive Tracts*,' 1875).

THE WINTER'S TALE

Preface

Like the Chorus Time in the play, Romance might well claim :—

‘ *It is in my power
To o’erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o’erwhelm custom.*’ (Act IV. i. 7-9.)

The Duration of Action. *The Winter's Tale*, with its interval of sixteen years between two acts,* may be said, too, to mark the final overthrow of Time—the hallowed ‘Unity of Time’—by its natural adversary, the Romantic Drama. The play recalls Sir Philip Sidney’s criticism, in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, against the crude romantic plays popular about 1580, when he outlined a plot somewhat analogous to that of *The Winter's Tale* as a typical instance of the abuse of dramatic decorum by lawless playwrights, who, contrary to academic rule, neglected both ‘time and place.’ *The Winter's Tale*, perhaps the very last of Shakespeare’s comedies, appropriately emphasises, as it were, the essential elements of the triumph of the New over the Old. Sidney could not foresee, in 1580, the glorious future in store for the despised Cinderella of the playhouses,

“NOW GROWN IN GRACE
EQUAL WITH WONDERING.”

* Eight days only are represented on the stage, with an interval of twenty-three days after Day 2 (Act II. sc. i.); and another short interval after Day 4 (Act III. sc. ii.); the main interval of sixteen years comes between Acts III. and IV.; again, there is a short interval between Act IV. sc. iv. and Act V., *i.e.* the seventh and eighth days.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, *king of Sicilia.*

MAMILLIUS, *young prince of Sicilia.*

CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES, } *four Lords of Sicilia.*
DION,

POLIXENES, *king of Bohemia.*

FLORIZEL, *prince of Bohemia.*

ARCHIDAMUS, *a Lord of Bohemia.*

Old Shepherd, *reputed father of Perdita.*

Clown, *his son.*

AUTOLYCUS, *a rogue.*

A Mariner.

A Gaoler.

HERMIONE, *queen to Leontes.*

PERDITA, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

PAULINA, *wife to Antigonus.*

EMILIA, *a lady attending on Hermione.*

MOPSA, }
DORCAS, } *Shepherdesses.*

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and
Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE: *Partly in Sicilia, and partly in Bohemia.*

The Winter's Tale

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Antechamber in Leontes' palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves ; for indeed—

Cam. Beseech you,—

10

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge : we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

20

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia.

They were trained together in their childhoods ;
and there rooted betwixt them then such an
affection, which cannot choose but branch now.
Since their more mature dignities and royal
necessities made separation of their society, their
encounters, though not personal, have been royally
attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters,
loving embassies ; that they have seemed to be 30
together, though absent ; shook hands, as over
a vast ; and embraced, as it were, from the ends
of opposed winds. The heavens continue their
loves !

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice
or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable
comfort of your young prince Mamillius : it is
a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever
came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of 40
him : it is a gallant child ; one that indeed
physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh :
they that went on crutches ere he was born
desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die ?

Cam. Yes ; if there were no other excuse why they
should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to
live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act I. Sc. ii.

Scene II.

A room of state in the same.

*Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo,
and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen : time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks :
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt : and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one ' We thank you,' many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while ;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow. 10
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence ; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say
' This is put forth too truly : ' besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's, then : and in
that I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the
world, ..

So soon as yours could win me : so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me ; my stay
To you a charge and trouble : to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied our queen ? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You,
sir,

Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure 30
All in Bohemia's well ; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd : say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong :
But let him say so then, and let him go ;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission 40
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting : yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord. You'll stay ?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will ?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily !

You put me off with limber vows ; but I,

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act I. Sc. ii.

Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with
oaths,

Should yet say, 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go : a lady's 'Verily''s 50

As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,

Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees

When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread 'Verily,'
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam :

To be your prisoner should import offending ;

Which is for me less easy to commit

Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler, then,

But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you 60

Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys :

You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair queen,

Two lads that thought there was no more behind,

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,

And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord

The verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,

And bleat the one at the other : what we changed

Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not

The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd 70

That any did. Had we pursued that life,

And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd

With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven

Boldly 'not guilty'; the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady
Temptations have since then been born to's : for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot ! 80
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils : yet go on ;
The offences we have made you do we'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet ?

Her. He 'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

Her. Never ?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What ! have I twice said well ? when was't before ?
I prithee tell me ; cram's with praise, and make's 91
As fat as tame things : one good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages : you may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal :
My last good deed was to entreat his stay :
What was my first ? it has an elder sister,

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act I. Sc. ii.

Or I mistake you : O, would her name were Grace !
But once before I spoke to the purpose : when ? 100
Nay, let me have 't ; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love : then didst thou utter
'I am yours 'or ever.'

Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice :
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband ;
The other for some while a friend.

Leon. [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot !
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me : my heart dances ;
But not for joy ; not joy. This entertainment 111
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent ; 't may, I grant ;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practised smiles,
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer ; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows ! Mamillius,
Art thou my boy ?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks ! 120
Why, that 's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy
nose ?

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat ; not neat, but cleanly, captain :
And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf

Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
 Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf!
 Art thou my calf!

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I
 have,

To be full like me: yet they say we are
 Almost as like as eggs; women say so, 130
 That will say any thing: but were they false
 As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
 As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
 No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
 To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
 Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!
 Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may't be?—
 Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:
 Thou dost make possible things not so held,
 Communicatest with dreams;—how can this be?—
 With what's unreal thou coactive art, 141
 And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent
 Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,
 And that beyond commission, and I find it,
 And that to the infection of my brains
 And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord!

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother!

Her. You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction;

Are you moved, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest. 150

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act I. Sc. ii.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
 Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
 To harder bosoms ! Looking on the lines
 Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
 Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
 In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled
 Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
 As ornaments oft do, too dangerous :
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
 This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
 Will you take eggs for money ? 161

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will ! why, happy man be's dole ! My brother,
 Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
 Do seem to be of ours ?

Pol. If at home, sir,
 He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :
 Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
 My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :
 He makes a July's day short as December ;
 And with his varying childness cures in me 170
 Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
 Officed with me : we two will walk, my lord,
 And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
 How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome ;
 Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap :
 Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
 Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
 We are yours i' the garden : shall's attend you there ?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you : you'll be found,

Act I. Sc. ii.

THE WINTER'S TALE

Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line. 181
Go to, go to!

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!

[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione and Attendants.*
Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd
one!

Go, play, boy, play : thy mother plays, and I
Play too ; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave : contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There
have been, 190

Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now ;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in 's absence
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour : nay, there 's comfort in 't,
Whiles other men have gates and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none ;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike 201
Where 'tis predominant ; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north and south : be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly ; know't ;
It will let in and out the enemy
With bag and baggage : many thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now, boy !

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act I. Sc. ii.

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.

What, Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

210

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.

[*Exit Mamillius.*]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:

When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?

[*Aside*] They're here with me already; whispering,
rounding

'Sicilia is a so-forth': 'tis far gone,

When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo,

That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty. 220

Leon. At the queen's be't: 'good' should be pertinent;

But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in

More than the common blocks: not noted, is't,

But of the finer natures? by some severals

Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes

Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord! I think most understand

Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha!

Cam. Stays here longer. 230

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy !

The entreaties of your mistress ! satisfy !
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils ; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd : but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived 240
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord !

Leon. To bide upon 't, thou art not honest ; or,
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course required ; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent ; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And takest it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful ; 250
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly ; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out 260

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act I. Sc. ii.

Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest : these, my Lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your Grace,
Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass
By its own visage : if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—
But that's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,—
For to a vision so apparent rumour 270
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife's a hobby-horse ; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight : say 't and justify 't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without 280
My present vengeance taken : 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this ; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing ?
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh ?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty ;—horsing foot on foot ?
Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?
Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all eyes 290

Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that's in 't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee, 300
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits, 310
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act I. Sc. ii.

Cam.

Sir, my lord,

I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work 320
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have loved thee,—

Leon.

Make that thy question, and go rot!

Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation; sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son, 330
Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam.

I must believe you, sir:

I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided that, when he's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdom
Known and allied to yours.

Leon.

Thou dost advise me

Even so as I mine own course have set down: 340
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,

Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,

Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all :
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me. 350
[*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady ! But, for me,
What case stand I in ? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes : and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't ; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one, 360
Let villany itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court : to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now !
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange : methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak ?
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir !

Pol. What is the news i' the court ?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Loved as he loves himself : even now I met him 370

THE WINTER'S TALE

*With customary compliment ; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.*

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How ! dare not ! do not. Do you know, and dare not ?

Be intelligent to me : 'tis thereabouts ;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo, 380
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine changed too ; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper ; but
I cannot name the disease ; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How ! caught of me !
Make me not sighted like the basilisk :
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,— 390
As you are certainly a gentleman ; thereto
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you, .
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well !

I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man 400
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charged in honour and by him
That I think honourable: therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me 410
Cry lost, and so good night!

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O then, my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to 420
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act I. Sc. ii.

By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue 430
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow ?

Cam. I know not : but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what 's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night !
Your followers I will whisper to the business ;
And will by twos and threes at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here 440
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain ;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth : which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee :

I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand :
Be pilot to me and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure 450
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature : as she 's rare,
Must it be great ; and, as his person 's mighty,
Must it be violent ; and as he does conceive

He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
 Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
 In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me :
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! Come, Camillo ; 460
 I will respect thee as a father if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence : let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
 The keys of all the posterns : please your highness
 To take the urgent hour. Come, sir away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you : he so troubles me,
 'Tis past enduring.

First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
 Shall I be your playfellow ?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

First Lady. Why, my sweet lord ?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
 I were a baby still. I love you better.

Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord ?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,
 Become some women best, so that there be not
 Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act II. Sc. i.

Or a half-moon made with a pen.

Sec. Lady.

Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now

What colour are your eyebrows?

First Lady.

Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

First Lady.

Hark ye;

The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall

Present our services to a fine new prince

One of these days; and then you'd wanton with
us,

If we would have you.

Sec. Lady.

She is spread of late

Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her! 20

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now

I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,

And tell's a tale.

Mam.

Merry or sad shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter: I have one

Of sprites and goblins.

Her.

Let's have that, good sir.

Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best

To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at
it.

Mam. There was a man—

Her.

Nay, come, sit down; thep on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly; 30

Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her.

Come on, then,

And give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, with Antigonus, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

First Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accursed
In being so blest! There may be in the cup 40
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I 50
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?

First Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.
Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him;
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act II. Sc. i.

Leon. Bear the boy hence ; he shall not come about her ;
 Away with him ! and let her sport herself 60
 With that she's big with ; for 'tis Polixenes
 Hath made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not,
 And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
 Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
 Look on her, mark her well ; be but about
 To say ' she is a goodly lady,' and
 The justice of your hearts will thereto add
 'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable' :
 Praise her but for this her without-door form,
 Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight
 The shrug, the hum or ha, these pretty brands 71
 That calumny doth use ; O, I am out,
 That mercy does, for calumny will sear
 Virtue itself : these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
 When you have said ' she's goodly,' come between
 Ere you can say ' she's honest : ' but be't known,
 From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
 She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
 The most replenish'd villain in the world,
 He were as much more villain : you, my lord, 80
 Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
 Polixenes for Leontes : O thou thing !
 Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
 Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
 Should a like language use to all degrees,
 And mannerly distinguishment leave out

Betwixt the prince and beggar : I have said
She's an adulteress ; I have said with whom :
More, she's a traitor and Camillo is
A federary with her ; and one that knows, 90
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles ; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me ! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No ; if I mistake 100
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her, to prison !
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns :
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are ; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities : but I have 110
That honourable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown : beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me ; and so
The king's will be perform'd !

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act II. Sc. i.

Leon.

Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,

My women may be with me; for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause; when you shall know your
mistress

Has deserved prison, then abound in tears 120

As I come out: this action I now go on

Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:

I never wish'd to see you sorry; now

I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence!

[*Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.*]

First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, lest your justice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

First Lord.

For her, my lord,

I dare my life lay down and will do't, sir, 130

Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless

I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,

In this which you accuse her.

Ant.

If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where

I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;

Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her;

For every inch of woman in the world,

Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,

If she be.

Leon.

Hold your peaces.

First Lord.

Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves : 140
You are abused, and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more. 150
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

First Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion, 160
Be blamed for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which if you, or stupidified
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act II. Sc. i.

We need no more of your advice : the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege, 170
You had only in your silent judgement tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be ?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,—doth push on this proceeding :
Yet, for a greater confirmation, 180
For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency : now from the oracle
They will bring all ; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well ?

First Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied and need no more 190
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confined,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us ;
We are to speak in public ; for this business

Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [Exit.

Scene II.

A prison.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him ;
Let him have knowledge who I am. [Exit Gent.
Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee ;
What dost thou then in prison ?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not ?
Gaol. For a worthy lady
And one who much I honour.
Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Gaol. I may not, madam :
To the contrary I have express commandment.
Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from 10
The access of gentle visitors ! Is't lawful, pray you,
To see her women ? any of them ? Emilia ?
Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her.

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act II. Sc. ii.

Withdraw yourselves.

[Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.]

Gaol.

And, madam,

I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be't so, prithee

[Exit Gaoler.]

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman,

20

How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn

May hold together : on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil.

A daughter ; and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live : the queen receives
Much comfort in't ; says, ' My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'

Paul.

I dare be sworn :

These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew
them !

30

He must be told on't, and he shall : the office
Becomes a woman best ; I'll take't upon me :
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen :
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know

How he may soften at the sight o' the child : 40
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue : there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour, 50
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from't
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it !
I'll to the queen : please you, come something nearer.
Gaol. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir :
This child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature thence 60
Freed and enfranchised ; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear : upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger.

[*Exeunt*]

Scene III.

*A room in Leontes' palace.**Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and Servants.*

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest : it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus ; mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
She the adulteress ; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof ; but she
I can hook to me : say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there ?

First Serv.

My lord ?

Leon. How does the boy ?*First Serv.*

He took good rest to-night ; 10

'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

Leon. To see his nobleness !

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely : go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Serv.*] Fie, fie ! no thought
of him :

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance ; let him be
Until a time may serve : for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow :

20

They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a child.

First Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me :
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough. 30

Sec. Serv. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir :
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking : I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference * 40
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How :
Away with that audacious lady ! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me :
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her ?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can : in this,

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act II. Sc. iii.

Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me from committing honour, trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now, you hear : 50
When she will take the rein I let her run ;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come ;
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours : I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen !

Paul. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen ; I say good queen ;
And would by combat make her good, so were I 60
A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me : on mine own accord I'll off ;
But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter ;
Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*

Leon. Out !

A mankind witch ! Hence with her, out o' door :
A most intelligencing bawd !

Paul. Not so :

I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest 70
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon.

Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.
Thou dotard! thou art woman-tired, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

Paul.

For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leon.

He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt 80
You'd call your children yours.

Leon.

A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul.

Nor I; nor any

But one that's here, and that's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not,—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't,—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon.

A callat

90

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!

Paul.

It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act II. Sc. iii.

So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
 Although the print be little, the whole matter
 And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip ; 99
 The trick of 's frown ; his forehead ; nay, the valley,
 The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek ; his smiles ;
 The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger :
 And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
 So like to him that got it, if thou hast
 The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
 No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
 Her children not her husband's !

Leon. A gross hag !

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
 That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands 110
 That cannot do that feat, you 'll leave yourself
 Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
 Can do no more.

Leon. I 'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not :

It is an heretic that makes the fire,
 Not she which burns in 't. I 'll not call you tyrant ;
 But this most cruel usage of your queen—
 Not able to produce more accusation
 Than your own weak-hinged fancy — something
 savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you, 120
 Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
 Out of the chamber with her ! Were I a tyrant,

Where were her life ? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her !

Paul. I pray you, do not push me ; I'll be gone.

Look to your babe, my lord ; 'tis yours : Jove send
her

A better guiding spirit ! What needs these hands ?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so : farewell ; we are gone. [Exit.

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this. 131

My child ? away with 't ! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consumed with fire ;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight :
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands 140
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire ;
For thou set'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir :

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

Lords. We can : my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You're liars all.

First Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better credit :
We have always truly served you ; and beseech you
So to esteem of us : and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services 150
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act II. Sc. iii.

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue : we all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows :
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father ? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it ; let it live.
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither ;
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there, 160
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life ?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose : at least thus much :
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent : any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark and perform it : seest thou ? for the fail 170
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to it own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee, 180
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,

That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe :
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses ! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require ! And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side, 191
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss ! [*Exit with the child.*]

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since : Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

First Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty three days
They have been absent : 'tis good speed ; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have 200
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords ;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady ; for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*]

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act III. Sc. i.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A seaport in Sicilia.

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cleo. The climate 's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn and unearthly
It was i' the offering.

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense, 10
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O be't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare 20
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh horses!
And gracious be the issue. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

*A court of Justice.**Enter Leontes, Lords, and Officers.*

Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart : the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence ! 10

Enter Hermione guarded ; Paulina and Ladies attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. [*reads*] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes,
king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned
of high treason, in committing adultery with
Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with
Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign
lord the king, thy royal husband : the pretence
whereof being by circumstances partly laid
open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and
allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and 20
aid them, for their better safety, to fly away
by night.

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and .
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say 'not guilty' : mine integrity,

Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do, 30
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter, 40
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I 50
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

Leon.

I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough ;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of 60

Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not

At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,

With whom I am accused, I do confess

I loved him as in honour he required,

With such a kind of love as might become

A lady like me, with a love even such,

So and no other, as yourself commanded :

Which not to have done I think had been in me

Both disobedience and ingratitude

To you and toward your friend ; whose love had
spoke, 70

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely

That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,

I know not how it tastes ; though it be dish'd

For me to try how : all I know of it

Is that Camillo was an honest man ;

And why he left your court, the gods themselves,

Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know

What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.

Her. Sir, 80

You speak a language that I understand not :

My life stands in the level of your dreams,

Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams ;

You had a bastard by Polixenes,

And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,—

Those of your fact are so,—so past all truth :

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act III. Sc. ii.

Which to deny concerns more than avails ; for as
 Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
 No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
 More criminal in thee than it,—so thou 90
 Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
 Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats :
 The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
 To me can life be no commodity :
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
 I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went. My second joy
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
 I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
 Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast, 100
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
 Haled out to murder : myself on every post
 Proclaim'd a strumpet : with immodest hatred
 The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion ; lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i' the open air, before
 I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die ? Therefore proceed.
 But yet hear this ; mistake me not ; no life, 110
 I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
 Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
 But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
 'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,
 I do refer me to the oracle :
 Apollo be my judge !

First Lord.

This your request
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[Exeunt certain Officers.]

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father: 120
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with Cleomenes and Dion.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then
You have not dared to break the holy seal 130
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals and read.

Off. *[reads]* Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless;
Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant;
his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king
shall live without an heir, if that which is lost
be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down. 140

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act III. Sc. ii.

*

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord the king, the king !

Leon. What is the business ?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it !

The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How ! gone !

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry ; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione faints.*]

How now there !

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen : look down
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence : 150

Her heart is but o'ercharged ; she will recover :
I have too much believed mine own suspicion :
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies with Hermione.*]

Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle !
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes ;
New woo my queen ; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy ;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose 160
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes : which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it and being done : he, most humane

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended, 170
No richer than his honour : how he glisters
Thorough my rust ! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker !

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while !

O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too !

First Lord. What fit is this, good lady ?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me ?
What wheels ? racks ? fires ? what flaying ? boiling ?
In leads or oils ? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst ? Thy tyranny 180
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done
And then run mad indeed, stark mad ! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing ;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful : nor was't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour
To have him kill a king ; poor trespasses, 190
More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little ; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done't :

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act III. Sc. ii.

Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam : this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer : but the last,—O lords, 200
When I have said, cry ' woe ! '—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and vengeance
for't

Not dropp'd down yet.

First Lord. The higher powers forbid !

Paul. I say she's dead, I'll swear't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see ; if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant !
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees 211
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on :

Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

First Lord. Say no more :
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't :
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas ! I show'd too much 221

The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd
To the noble heart. What's gone and what's past help
Should be past grief : do not receive affliction
At my petition ; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman :
The love I bore your queen, lo, fool again !
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ; 230
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too : take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth ; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son :
One grave shall be for both ; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there 240
Shall be my recreation : so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
To these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.

Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia ?

Mar. Ay, my lord ; and fear

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act III. Sc. iii.

We have landed in ill time : the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done ! Go, get aboard ;
Look to thy bark : I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not 10
Too far i' the land : 'tis like to be loud weather ;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.

Ant. Go thou away :
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [Exit.

Ant. Come, poor babe :
I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another ; 20
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming : in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay ; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her : ' Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, 30
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,

There weep and leave it crying ; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys :
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously, 40
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death ; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well !
There lie, and there thy character : there these ;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,
pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins : poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed 50
To loss and what may follow ! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds ; and most accursed am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell !
The day frowns more and more : thou 'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough : I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour !
Well may I get aboard ! This is the chase :
I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.

Enter a Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and
three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out 60

the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on's, a barne; very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not

to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls ! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em ; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'ld thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone ; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it : but, first, how 100 the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them ; and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy ?

Clo. Now, now : I have not winked since I saw these sights : the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman : he 's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old 110 man !

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her : there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters ! heavy matters ! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself : thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here 's a sight for thee ; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child ! look thee here ; take up, take up, boy ; open 't. So, let 's see : it was 120 told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling : open 't. What 's within, boy ?

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act IV. Sc. i.

Clo. You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go; come, good boy, the next way home. 130

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground. 140

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on 't. [Exit.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide

O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was 10
Or what is now received : I witness to
The times that brought them in ; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between : Leontes leaving,
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be 20
In fair Bohemia ; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you ; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering : what of her ensues
I list not prophesy ; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's
daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now ; 30
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.

Scene II.

*Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.**Enter Polixenes and Camillo.*

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate : 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing ; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country : though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me ; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

10

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now : the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made ; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee : thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done ; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study ; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more ; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother ; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my

20

son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not
being gracious, than they are in losing them when 30
they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince.
What his happier affairs may be, are to me un-
known: but I have missingly noted, he is of late
much retired from court and is less frequent to his
princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with
some care; so far, that I have eyes under my
service which look upon his removedness; from
whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom 40
from the house of a most homely shepherd; a
man, they say, that from very nothing, and
beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is
grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a
daughter of most rare note: the report of her
is extended more than can be thought to begin
from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but,
I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. 50
Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where
we will, not appearing what we are, have some
question with the shepherd; from whose sim-
plicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause
of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my
present partner in this business, and lay aside
the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

A road near the Shepherd's cottage.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh ! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year ;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts, II
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile ; but now I am out of service :

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night :
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look
to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus;

who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates, none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O that ever I was born! [*Groveling on the ground.*]

Clo. I' the name of me—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act IV. Sc. iii.

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions. 60

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me 70 thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*]

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for 80 thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames : I knew him once a servant of the prince : I cannot tell, good sir, for which 90 of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say ; there's no virtue whipped out of the court : they cherish it to make it stay there ; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well : he hath been since an ape-bearer ; then a process-server, a bailiff ; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife 100 within a mile where my land and living lies ; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue : some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him ! prig, for my life, prig : he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir ; he, sir, he ; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia : if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd 110 have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter : I am false of heart that way ; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now ?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was ; I can stand and walk : I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way ?

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act IV. Sc. iv.

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir. 120

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue!

Song. Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a: 130
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*]

Scene IV.

The Shepherd's cottage.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts
In every mess have folly and the feeders 11
Digest it with a custom, I should blush

To see you so attired, swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did: O, the Fates! 20
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, 30
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this
purpose,

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act IV. Sc. iv.

Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita, 40
 With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not
 The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
 Or not my father's. For I cannot be
 Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
 I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
 Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
 Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
 That you behold the while. Your guests are coming :
 Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
 Of celebration of that nuptial which 50
 We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
 Stand you auspicious !

Flo. See, your guests approach :
 Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
 And let's be red with mirth.

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, and others, with
 Polixenes and Camillo disguised.* *

Shep. Fie, daughter ! when my old wife lived, upon
 This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
 Both dame and servant ; welcomed all, served all ;
 Would sing her song and dance her turn ; now here,
 At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle ;
 On his shoulder, and his ; her face o' fire 60
 With labour and the thing she took to quench it,
 She would to each one sip. You are retired,
 As if you were a feasted one and not
 The hostess of the meeting : pray you, bid
 These unknown friends to's welcome ; for it is

A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast : come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [To *Pol.*] Sir, welcome: 70

It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [To *Cam.*] You're
welcome, sir.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue ; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long :
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing !

Pol. Shepherdess,

A fair one are you, well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth 80
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards : of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren ; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them ?

Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be ;

Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean : so, over that art 90

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act IV. Sc. iv.

Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race : this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them ; 100
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you ;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping : these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas ! 110

You 'ld be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my
fair'st friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day ; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing : O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon ! daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim, 120
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on; 130
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers:

Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do 141
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act IV. Sc. iv.

Your praises are too large : but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, 150
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't. But come ; our dance, I pray :
Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward : nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out : good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up ! 161

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress : marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with !

Mop. Now, in good time !

Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners.
Come, strike up !

[*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*]

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter ?

Shep. They call him Doricles ; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding : but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it ; 170
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter :
I think so too ; for never gazed the moon

Upon the water, as he'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing ; though I report it,
That should be silent : if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

180

Enter Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the
door, you would never dance again after a tabor
and pipe ; no, the bagpipe could not move you :
he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell
money ; he utters them as he had eaten ballads
and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better ; he shall come in. I
love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful
matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing
indeed and sung lamentably.

190

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes ;
no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves :
he has the prettiest love-songs for maids ; so
without bawdry, which is strange ; with such
delicate burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump
her and thump her ;' and where some stretch-
mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief
and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes
the maid to answer 'Whoop, do me no harm,
good man' ; puts him off, slights him, with 200
'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act IV. Sc. iv.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she- 210 angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on 't.

Clo. Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [Exit Servant.]

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you 'ld think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cypress black as e'er was crow; 220
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: 230
Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me ; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast ; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you : may be, 240
he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids ? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces ? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests ? 'tis well they are whispering : clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry- 250
lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money ?

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad ; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir ; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here ? ballads ?

Mop. Pray now, buy some : I love a ballad in print o' 260
life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a
usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act IV. Sc. iv.

money-bags at a burthen, and how she longed
to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress
Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that 270
were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see moe
ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a fish, that appeared
upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of
April, forty thousand fathom above water, and
sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids:
it was thought she was a woman, and was turned
into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh 280
with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful
and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than
my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to
the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there's 290
scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in
request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part,
thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well, . 301

Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill:

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: 310
my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk,
and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away
thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for
you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice.

Follow me, girls. [*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*]

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Follows singing.*]

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread, 320
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and finest, finest wear-a?

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act IV. Sc. iv.

Come to the pedlar ;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a. [Exit.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers; and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, 330 because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, 340 hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squier.

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter,
[To Cam.] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part
them.

He's simple and tells much. How now, fair shepherd!
350

Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ran-
sack'd

The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
360
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this? 370
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act IV. Sc. iv.

Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all :
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love ; for her employ them all ; 381
Commend them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him ?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well ; no, nor mean better :
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain !
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't :
I give my daughter to him, and will make 390
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter : one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet ;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand ;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you ;
Have you a father ?

Flo. I have : but what of him ?

Pol. Knows he of this ?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father

Is at the nuptial of his son a guest 400

That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,

Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid

With age and altering rheums? can he speak?
hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?

Lies he not bed-ridden? and again does nothing

But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;

He has his health and ampler strength indeed

Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong 410

Something unfilial: reason my son

Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason

The father, all whose joy is nothing else

But fair posterity, should hold some counsel

In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;

But for some other reasons, my grave sir,

Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint

My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve 420

At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.

Mark our contract.

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act IV. Sc. iv.

Pol.

Mark your divorce, young sir,

[Discovering himself.]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou copest with,—

Shep.

O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy, 431
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Farre than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too, 440
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't.

[Exit.]

Per.

Even here undone!

I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but

450

Looks on alike. Will't please you, sir, begone?
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think;
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died, 460
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire. [Exit.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More straining on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord, 471
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act IV. Sc. iv.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!

How often said, my dignity would last 480
But till 'twere known!

Flo. It cannot fail but by

The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advised.

Flo. I am, and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir. 490

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels 500
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;

And most opportune to our need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord !
I would your spirit were easier for advice, 510
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita. [*Drawing her aside.*]
I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo ;
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think 520
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father ?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved : it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And through him what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act IV. Sc. iv.

May suffer alteration, on mine honour 530
 I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
 As shall become your highness; where you may
 Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
 There's no disjunction to be made, but by
 As heavens forfend! your ruin; marry her,
 And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
 Your discontenting father strive to qualify
 And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
 May this, almost a miracle, be done?
 That I may call thee something more than man 540
 And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
 A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
 But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
 To what we wildly do, so we profess
 Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
 Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
 This follows, if you will not change your purpose
 But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
 And there present yourself and your fair princess,
 For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes: 550
 She shall be habited as it becomes
 The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
 Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
 His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness,
 As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
 Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
 'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one

He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo, 560
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down :
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say ; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you :
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising 570
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough : no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another :
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be : besides you know
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true : 580
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so ?
There shall not at your father's house these seven years

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act IV. Sc. iv.

Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear o' her birth.

Cam. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo, 590
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word.

[They talk aside.]

Re-enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, 600
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I
have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit
stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch,
table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie,
bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from
fasting: they throng who should buy first, as
if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought
a benediction to the buyer: by which means I

saw whose purse was best in picture ; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, 610 who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words ; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears : you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless ; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse ; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains : no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this 620 time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses ; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.]

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you !

All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here ? 630

[Seeing Autolycus.]

We'll make an instrument of this ; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow ! why shakest thou
so ? Fear not, man : here's no harm intended
to thee.

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act IV. Sc. iv.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore 640
discase thee instantly,—thou must think there's a necessity in't,—and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on't. 650

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[*Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.*]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye! you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may—
For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard 661
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,

He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.

[*Giving it to Perdita.*]

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot !

Pray you, a word.

Cam. [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape and whither they are bound ; 670
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after : in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us !

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it : to have
an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is
necessary for a cut-purse ; a good nose is re-
quisite also, to smell out work for the other 680
senses. I see this is the time that the unjust
man doth thrive. What an exchange had this
been without boot ! What a boot is here with
this exchange ! Sure the gods do this year
connive at us, and we may do any thing ex-
tempore. The prince himself is about a piece of
iniquity, stealing away from his father with his
clog at his heels : if I thought it were a piece
of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would
not do't : I hold it the more knavery to conceal 690
it ; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

700

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law. 710

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

720

Clo. Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, 730 discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir? 740

Aut. Whether it like me or not, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee 750 to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act IV. Sc. iv.

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

760

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical:
a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking
on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box,
which none must know but the king; and which 770
he shall know within this hour, if I may come to
the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard
a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself:
for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou
must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have
married a shepherd's daughter.

780

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him
fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he
shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart
of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy. 790

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it. 800

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a 810

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act IV. Sc. iv.

stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember 820
'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.'

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a 830
pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

840

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

Shep. Let's before as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double oc-

casion, gold and a means to do the prince my 850
master good; which who knows how that may
turn back to my advancement? I will bring
these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him:
if he think it fit to shore them again and that
the complaint they have to the king concerns
him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so
far officious; for I am proof against that title
and what shame else belongs to't. To him will
I present them: there may be matter in it. [Exit.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and 10
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act V. Sc. i.

Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd !
She I kill'd ! I did so : but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did ; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought : now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady : 20
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name ; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well ? 30
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't ?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes ;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found ? which that it shall, 40

Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me ; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. [*To Leontes*] Care not
for issue ;
The crown will find an heir : great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest ; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,
Who has the memory of Hermione, 50
I know, in honour, O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel !—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes ;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives ; therefore, no wife : one worse,
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, ' Why to me ? '

Paul. Had she such power, 60
She had just cause.

Leon. She had ; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her ; then I'd shriek, that even your ears

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act V. Sc. i.

Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be 'Remember mine.'

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife:
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave? 70

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former: but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina, 81
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us 90
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, 'She had not been, 100
Nor was not to be equall'd';—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I had almost forgot,—your pardon,—
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How! not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman 110
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act V. Sc. i.

Bring them to our embracement.

[*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.*]

Still, 'tis strange

He thus should steal upon us.

Paul.

Had our prince,

Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st

He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure, 120
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Re-enter Cleomenes and others, with Florizel and Perdita.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome! 130
And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost,
All mine own folly, the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo.

By his command

Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him

Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend, 140
Can send his brother : and, but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seized
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measured to look upon you ; whom he loves,
He bade me say so, more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman ! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me ; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters 150
Of my behind-hand slackness ! Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person ?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and loved ?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence ; from him, whose
daughter 159
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her : thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness : my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd ;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's in safety

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act V. Sc. i.

Here where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father, 170
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me; 181
Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way 190
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;

Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge :
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who ? Camillo ?

**Lord.* Camillo, sir ; I spake with him ; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the earth ;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak : 200
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father !
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married ?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be ;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first :
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king ?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That 'once,' I see by your good father's speed, 210
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up :
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act V. Sc. ii.

Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now : with thought of such affections, 220
Step forth mine advocate ; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. [*To Florizel*] But your
petition

Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father :
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires, 230
I am friend to them and you : upon which errand
I now go toward him ; therefore follow me
And mark what way I make : come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene ii.

Before Leontes' palace.

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation ?

First Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel,
heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how
he found it : whereupon, after a little amazed-
ness, we were all commanded out of the chamber ;
only this methought I heard the shepherd say,
he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

First Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; 10
but the changes I perceived in the king and
Camillo were very notes of admiration: they
seemed almost, with staring on one another, to
tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in
their dumbness, language in their very gesture;
they looked as they had heard of a world ran-
somed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of
wonder appeared in them; but the wisest be-
holder, that knew no more but seeing, could not
say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but 20
in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more
The news, Rogero?

Sec. Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is ful-
filled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal
of wonder is broken out within this hour, that
ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can
deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this
news which is called true is so like an old tale, 30
that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has
the king found his heir?

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant
by circumstance: that which you hear you'll
swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs.
The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act V. Sc. ii.

about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings? 40

Sec. Gent. No.

Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. 50 There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it. 60

Sec. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Third Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a

bear : this avouches the shepherd's son ; who has
not only his innocence, which seems much, to 70
justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his
that Paulina knows.

First Gent. What became of his bark and his
followers ?

Third Gent. Wrecked the same instant of their master's
death and in the view of the shepherd : so that
all the instruments which aided to expose the
child were even then lost when it was found.
But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and
sorrow was fought in Paulina ! She had one eye 80
declined for the loss of her husband, another
elevated that the oracle was fulfilled : she lifted
the princess from the earth, and so locks her in
embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart
that she might no more be in danger of losing.

First Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the
audience of kings and princes ; for by such was
it acted.

Third Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all and that
which angled for mine eyes, caught the water 90
though not the fish, was when, at the relation of
the queen's death, with the manner how she came
to't bravely confessed and lamented by the king,
how attentiveness wounded his daughter ; till,
from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with
an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I
am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most
marble there changed colour ; some swooned, all
sorrowed : if all the world could have seen't,
the woe had been universal. 100

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act V. Sc. ii.

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. No : the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape : he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer :—thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup. 110

Sec. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand ; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

First Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born : our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*] 120

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince ; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what : but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. 130
But 'tis all one to me ; for had I been the finder

out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here comes those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman 140 born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the 150 hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all 160 the faults I have committed to your worship,

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act V. Sc. ii.

and to give me your good report to the prince
my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now
we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince
thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in
Bohemia.

170

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let
boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may
swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll
swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy
hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I
know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and
that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it, and I
would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

180

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I
do not wonder how thou darest venture to be
drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.
Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred,
are going to see the queen's picture. Come,
follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

A chapel in Paulina's house.

*Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo,
Paulina, Lords, and attendants.*

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home : but that you have vouchsafed
With your crown'd brother and these your con-
tracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble : but we came
To see the statue of our queen : your gallery 10
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities ; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done ; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is : prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death : behold, and say 'tis well. 20

*[Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers
Hermione standing like a statue.]*

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act V. Sc. iii.

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder : but yet speak ; first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near ?

Leon. Her natural posture !

Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione ; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence ; 30
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her !
I am ashamed : does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it ? O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjured to remembrance, and 40
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience !
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's

Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, 50
So many summers dry : scarce any joy
Did ever so long live ; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, for the stone is mine,
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. ⁴ Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy 60
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it ? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed ? and that those
veins
Did verily bear blood ?

Pol. Masterly done :
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain :
My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina, 70
Make me to think so twenty years together !

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act V. Sc. iii.

No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you : but
I could afflict you farther.

Leon. Do, Paulina ;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her : what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear : 80
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You 'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain ?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand : but then you 'll think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted 90
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on : what to speak,
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still ;
On : those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon.

Proceed :

No foot shall stir.

*Paul.*Music, awake her ; strike ! [*Music.*

'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more ; approach ;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come, 100
I'll fill your grave up : stir, nay, come away,
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs :

[Hermione comes down.]

Start not ; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful : do not shun her
Until you see her die again ; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand :
When she was young you woo'd her ; now in age
Is she become the suitor ?

Leon.

O, she's warm !

If this be magic, let it be an art 110
Lawful as eating.

Pol.

She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck :

If she pertain to life let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has lived,
Or how stolen from the dead.

Paul.

That she is living,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale : but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam : kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady ;
Our Perdita is found.

Her.

You gods, look down, 121

And from your sacred vials pour your graces

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act V. Sc. iii.

Upon my daughter's head ! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved ? where lived ? how
found

Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that ;
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together, 130
You precious winners all ; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina !
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife : this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found
mine ;
But how, is to be question'd ; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead ; and have in vain said many 140
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far,—
For him, I partly know his mind,—to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.
What ! look upon my brother : both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, whom heavens directing, 150

Act V. Sc. iii.

THE WINTER'S TALE

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*]

THE WINTER'S TALE

Glossary.

Abide, sojourn for a short time; "no more but a." = only make a short stay; IV. iii. 95.
Aboard him, i.e. aboard his ship; IV. iv. 853.
Abused, deceived; II. i. 141.
Action, suit (perhaps "this a. I now go on" = this which I am now to undergo); II. i. 121.
Address yourself, prepare; IV. iv. 53.
Adventure, venture; I. ii. 38; II. iii. 162; dare, IV. iv. 464.
Adventure of, risk of; V. i. 156.
Afar off, indirectly; II. i. 104.
Affection, instinct; I. ii. 138, disposition, V. ii. 40.
Affront, confront, come before; V. i. 75.
Air, breath; V. iii. 78.
'Alack, for lesser knowledge'; i.e. "Oh, would that I had less knowledge"; II. i. 38.
Allow'd, allowable; I. ii. 263.
Allowing, approving; I. ii. 185.
Amazedly, confusedly; V. i. 187.
Amazement, amazement, surprise; V. ii. 5.
Ancient, old; IV. iv. 79.
Ancientry, old people; III. iii. 63.
Another, the other; IV. iv. 176; V. ii. 82.
Ape, imitator; V. ii. 108.
Ape-bearer, one who leads about apes; IV. iii. 98.
Apparent, heir apparent; I. ii. 177.
Appoint, dress; I. ii. 326.
Appointed, equipped; IV. iv. 597.
Approbation, attestation, confirmation; II. i. 177.
Approved, proved, tried; IV. ii. 31.

Aspect, "the peculiar position and influence of a planet"; II. i. 107.
At, (?) to; (perhaps "when at Bohemia you take my lord" = "when you have my lord in Bohemia"); I. ii. 39.
At friend, (so Folio 1; Folio 2, "as friend"), "on terms of friendship"; V. i. 140.
Attach, arrest; V. i. 182.
Attorneyed, performed by proxy; I. i. 29.
Aunts, mistresses (cp. doxy); IV. iii. 11.
Avails, is of advantage; III. ii. 87.
Avoid, depart; I. ii. 462.
Bar, exclude; IV. iv. 434.
Barne, a little child; III. iii. 71.
Baseness, bastardy; II. iii. 78.
Basilisk, a fabulous serpent supposed to kill by its look; I. ii. 388.



From an illuminated MS. of XIVth century.

Glossary

THE WINTER'S TALE

Barcock, a term of endearment (always masculine); I. ii. 121.

Bearing-cloth, "the mantle or cloth in which a child was carried to the font"; III. iii. 119.



From a French print (c. 1000 A.D.)
by Bonnard.

Bench'd, raised to authority; I. ii. 314.

Bents, dispositions; I. ii. 179.

Bide, dwell upon, repeat; I. ii. 242.

Blank, "the white mark in the centre of a butt, the aim"; II. iii. 5.

Boot, profit; IV. iv. 644; "grace to b.", "God help us"; I. ii. 80.

Boring, perforating; III. iii. 93.

Borrow, borrowing; I. ii. 39.

Bosom, inmost thoughts; IV. iv. 568.

Bourn, limit, line of demarcation; I. ii. 134.

Brands, marks of infamy, stigmas; II. i. 71.

Brave, fine; IV. iv. 202.

Break-neck, "dangerous business"; I. ii. 363.

Breed, educate; III. iii. 48.

Bring, take, accompany; IV. iii. 119.

Bug, bugbear; III. ii. 93.

Bugle, a long bead of black glass; IV. iv. 223.

But, but that; V. i. 141.

But that, only because; II. i. 105.

By-gone day, day gone by = yesterday; I. ii. 32.

Caddisses, worsted ribbons; IV. iv. 208.

Callat, a woman of bad character; II. iii. 90.

Came home, "did not get hold"; (a nautical term); I. ii. 214.

Cap-a-pe, from head to foot; IV. iv. 749.



From an illumination in the Lutterell Psalter (XIVth Cent.).

Blench, start or fly off; I. ii. 333.

Bless me, preserve me; IV. iv. 268.

Block, blockheads; I. ii. 225.

Blusters, boisterous tempests; III. iii. 4.

Bohemia = the king of B.; I. i. 7.

Boot, avail; III. ii. 26.

Cuparison, literally horse-cloth; here used for "rags"; IV. iii. 27.

Carbonadoed, cut across for broiling; IV. iv. 265.

Carriage, carrying on, management; III. i. 17.

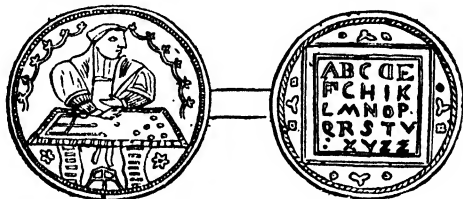
Carver, sculptor; V. iii. 30.

THE WINTER'S TALE

Glossary

Censure, judgment; II. i. 37.
Centre, "the earth as the supposed centre of the world"; II. I. 102.
Chamber-councils, "private thoughts or intentions"; I. ii. 237.
Changed, exchanged; I. ii. 68.
Changeling, a child left by the fairies in the place of another; III. iii. 122.
Character, handwriting; V. ii. 38.
Charge, weight, value; IV. iv. 258.
Cheat, (v. silly); IV. iii. 28.
Child, a girl; "a boy or a child"; III. iii. 71.
Childness, childishness; I. ii. 170.

Compassed, gained possession of; IV. iii. 99.
Conceit, intelligence; I. ii. 224; idea; III. ii. 145.
Concerns, is of importance; III. ii. 87.
Considered, requited, paid; IV. iv. 811.
Content, pleasure, delight; V. iii. 11.
Continent, chaste; III. ii. 35.
Contract, marriage-contract, espousals; V. i. 204.
Contrary, opposite side; I. ii. 372.
Copest with, hast to do with; IV. iv. 429.
Corse, corpse; IV. iv. 129.
Counters, "a round piece of metal used in calculations"; IV. iii. 37.



From an engraving in Knight's *Pictorial Shakespeare*.

Churl, peasant; IV. iv. 437.
Circumstance, ceremony, pomp; V. i. 90; facts which are evidence of the truth; V. ii. 33.
Clamour (*vide Note*); IV. iv. 249.
Clap, clap hands, i.e. pledge faith (a token of troth-plighting); I. ii. 104.
Clear'd, excepted; I. ii. 74.
Clerk-like, scholar-like; I. ii. 392.
Climate, reside, sojourn; V. i. 170.
Clipping, embracing; V. ii. 59.
Cock, woodcock, a metaphor for a fool; IV. iii. 36.
Collop, part of a man's flesh; I. ii. 137.
Colour, reason, pretext; IV. iv. 560.
Comforting, assisting; II. iii. 56.
Comforts, consolation; IV. iv. 562.
Commend, commit; II. iii. 182.
Commission, warrant; I. ii. 144.
Commodity, advantage; III. ii. 94.

Cozened, cheated; IV. iv. 252.
Cozeners, sharpers; IV. iv. 254.
Crack, flaw; I. ii. 322.
Credent, credible; I. ii. 142.
Crone, old woman; II. iii. 76.
Grown imperial, the *Tritellaria imperialis*, early introduced from Constantinople into England; IV. iv. 126.
Curious, requiring care, embarrassing; IV. iv. 519.
Curst, wicked; III. iii. 134.
Custom, "with a c.," from habit, IV. iv. 12; trade, custom, V. ii. 108.
Cypress, crape; IV. iv. 220.
Dances, throbs; I. ii. 110.
Dead, deadly; IV. iv. 439.
Dear, devoted; II. iii. 150.
Deliver, communicate; IV. iv. 503; narrate; V. ii. 4.

Delphos, Delphi; II. i. 183.
Denied, refused; V. ii. 139.
Derivative, transmission by descent; III. ii. 45.
Dibble, "a pointed instrument to make holes for planting seeds"; IV. iv. 100.
Die, gaming with the dice; IV. iii. 27.
Difference, i.e. d. in our stations in life; IV. iv. 17.
Dildo, a burden in popular songs; IV. iv. 195.
Dim; "violets dim," prob. "of quiet colour, not showy"; IV. iv. 120.
Disce, undress; IV. iv. 641.
Discontenting, discontented; IV. iv. 537.
Discover, disclose, shew; III. i. 20; communicate; IV. iv. 731.
Discover'd, betrayed; II. i. 50.
Discovery, disclosure; I. ii. 441.
Disliken, disguise; IV. iv. 659.
Dispute, "discuss, reason upon"; IV. iv. 405.
Dis's waggon, Pluto's chariot; IV. iv. 118.
Distinguishment, distinction; II. i. 86.
Divorce, separation; IV. iv. 422.
Do, describe; V. ii. 63.
Double, doubly; V. iii. 107.
Doxy, mistress (a cant term); IV. iii. 2.
Drab, a lewd woman; IV. iii. 27.
Dread, apprehension; IV. iv. 17.
Dread, awful, revered; I. ii. 322.
Dreams, idle fancy; III. ii. 82.
Dungy, filthy; II. i. 157.
Earnest, earnest-money, handsel; IV. iv. 652.
'Eggs for money', a proverbial expression; meaning to put up with an affront, or to act cowardly; I. ii. 161.
Embracement, embrace; V. i. 114.
Encounter, behaviour; III. ii. 50.
Encounter, befall; II. i. 20.
Enfoldings, garments; IV. iv. 743.

Estate, affairs; IV. iv. 405.
Estate, "unspeakable e." i.e. great possessions; IV. ii. 46.
Eternity, immortality; V. ii. 106.
Excrement, beard; IV. iv. 724.
Extremes, extravagance (of praise; and perhaps also in allusion to the extravagance of her attire); IV. iv. 6.
Eyed, held in view; II. i. 35.
Fadings, a common burden of songs; IV. iv. 195.
Fail, failure; II. iii. 170; want; V. i. 27.
Falling, letting fall; I. ii. 372.
Fancy, love; IV. iv. 487.
Fardel (Folio "farthell"), pack, bundle; IV. iv. 718.



From Holme's *Academy of Armory* (1688).

Fashion, kinds, sorts; III. ii. 105.
Favour, countenance, look; V. ii. 53.
Fearful, full of fear; I. ii. 250.
Featly, neatly, adroitly; IV. iv. 176.
Federary, accomplice; II. i. 90.
Feeding, pasturage; IV. iv. 169.
Fellows, comrades; II. iii. 142.
Fetch off, "make away with"; I. ii. 334.
Fixure, direction; V. iii. 67.
Flap-dragoned, swallowed it like a flap-dragon (i.e. snap-dragon); III. iii. 100.
Flatness, completeness; III. ii. 123.
Flaunts, finery, showy apparel; IV. iv. 23.

THE WINTER'S TALE

Glossary

- Flax-wench*, a woman whose occupation is to dress flax; I. ii. 277.
- Flayed*, stripped, skinned; IV. iv. 648.
- Flower-de-luce*, fleur-de-lys (it is uncertain whether Shakespeare was thinking of a lily or an iris); IV. iv. 127.
- Fond*, foolish; IV. iv. 431.
- Fools*, "a term of endearment and pity"; II. i. 118.
- For*, because; III. i. 4; IV. iv. 86.
- For because*, because; II. i. 7.
- Force*, necessity; IV. iv. 428.
- Forced*, strained, far-fetched (or "mistaken"); IV. iv. 41.
- Forceful*, strong; II. i. 163.
- Fore*, before; III. ii. 42.
- Forfind*, forbid; IV. iv. 535.
- Forges*, causes, produces; IV. iv. 17.
- Fork'd*, horned; I. ii. 186.
- Framed*, planned, pre-arranged; V. i. 91.
- Franklins*, yeomen; V. ii. 173.
- Fraught*, freighted, burdened; IV. iv. 519.
- Free*, noble (perhaps voluntary); II. ii. 44; guiltless, II. iii. 30; accessible to all, II. i. 194; eager, ready; IV. iv. 553.
- Fresh*, youthful; IV. iv. 427; IV. iv. 556.
- Friends*, "these unknown f. to 's"; these friends unknown to us; IV. iv. 65.
- Friendships*, kind services; IV. ii. 22.
- From*, away from; IV. ii. 43.
- Furnish'd*, equipped, fitted out; IV. iv. 593.
- Gall'd*, harassed, injured; I. ii. 316.
- Gullimaufry*, medley, hotch-potch; IV. iv. 330.
- Gallows*, i.e. the fear or risk of the g.; IV. iii. 28.
- Gentle*, adjective used substantively = gentle one; IV. iv. 46; gentlemen; I. ii. 394.
- Gently*, moderately; IV. iv. 811.
- Gentry*, birth; I. ii. 393.
- Germane*, akin, related; IV. iv. 788.
- Gest*, appointed stages of a royal progress, hence the fixed limit of a visit; I. ii. 41.
- Gillyvors*, gillyflowers; a variety of the carnation; IV. iv. 82.
- Give out*, proclaim; IV. iv. 149.
- Glass*, hour-glass; I. ii. 306.
- Glisters*, shines, sparkles; III. ii. 171.
- Gloves*; "g. as sweet as damask roses"; alluding to the custom of perfuming gloves; IV. iv. 221.
- Go about*, intend; IV. iv. 218; attempt; IV. iv. 711.
- Goal*, point at issue; I. ii. 96.
- Good deed*, in very deed; I. ii. 42.
- Gorge*, stomach; II. i. 44.
- Gossips*, sponsors; II. iii. 41.
- Grace*, favour; III. ii. 48.
- Gracious*, prosperous; III. i. 22; endowed with grace; IV. ii. 30.
- Grafted in my serious trust*, trusted without reserve, absolutely; I. ii. 246.
- Gust*, taste, perceive; I. ii. 219.
- Guilty to*, chargeable for; IV. iv. 543.
- Haled*, dragged; III. ii. 102.
- Hammer'd of*, pondered upon; II. ii. 49.
- Hand*, lay hands on; II. iii. 63.
- Hand-fast*, custody, confinement; IV. iv. 781.
- Hangman*, executioner; IV. iv. 462.
- 'Happy man be's dole'*, a proverbial expression = "May his dole or share in life be to be a happy man"; I. ii. 163.
- Harlot*, lewd; II. iii. 4.
- Have*, possess; IV. iv. 568.
- Have at*, I'll try; IV. iv. 297.
- Having*, possessions, property; IV. iv. 729.
- Heat*, traverse (as at a race); I. ii. 96.
- Heavings*, sighs; II. iii. 35.
- Heavy*, sad, sorrowful; III. iii. 115.
- Hefst*, retchings; II. i. 45.

Glossary

THE WINTER'S TALE

Hent, pass beyond; IV. iii. 130.

Hereditary, *i.e.* derived from our first parents (alluding to "original sin"); I. ii. 75.

Him, by him (? the man); I. ii. 412.

Hobby-horse; I. ii. 276. (See illustration.)

Injury of tongues, mischief caused by scandal; I. ii. 338.

Inkle, a kind of tape; IV. iv. 208.

Insinuate, intermeddle; IV. iv. 746.

Instigation, incitement; II. i. 163.

Intelligencing, carrying intelligence; II. iii. 68.



From an early painting in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.
(Note the familiar tabor and pipe.)

Holy, pious, good; V. i. 170; blameless, V. iii. 148.

Home, out, to the end; I. ii. 248; fully, V. iii. 4.

Honest, chaste, virtuous; II. i. 68.

Hot, active; IV. iv. 692.

Hovering, "irresolute, wavering"; I. ii. 302.

Hoxes, hamstrings; I. ii. 244.

I' facks, in fact; I. ii. 120.

Immodest, immoderate; III. ii. 103.

Imparw'd, in pledge; I. ii. 436.

Importance, import; V. ii. 20.

Incense, incite; V. i. 61.

Incertain, uncertain; V. i. 29.

Incertainties, "accidents of fortune"; III. ii. 170.

Incidency, "a falling on"; I. ii. 403.

Inconstant, fickle; III. ii. 187.

Industriously, "deliberately"; I. ii. 256.

Intelligent, communicative; I. ii. 378.

Intention, aim; I. ii. 138.

Irremoveable, immovable; IV. iv. 512.

It, its; II. iii. 178.

It is, he is; I. i. 38.

Jar, tick; I. ii. 43.

Jewel, personal ornament of gold or precious stones; V. ii. 36.

Julio Romano (*v.* Note); V. ii. 105.

Justified, confirmed, ratified; V. iii. 145.

Justify him, confirm his assertion; V. ii. 71.

Kiln-hole, the opening of an oven; probably the fire-place used in making malt; a noted gossiping place; IV. iv. 246.

THE WINTER'S TALE

Glossary

Knacks, knick-knacks; IV. iv. 354.
Knock, cuffs, blows; IV. iii. 29.

Land, nation; IV. iv. 8.
Land-damn (*vide* Note); II. i. 143.
Lasting, everlasting, eternal; I. ii. 317.

Lay me, bury me; IV. iv. 462.
Lays on, does it in good style; IV. iii. 43.
Lean to, incline, tend towards; II. i. 64.

Let, let remain; I. ii. 41.
Level, direction of, aim; III. ii. 82.
'Lev'n, eleven; IV. iii. 33.
List, care, choose; IV. i. 26.

List, listen, hearken; IV. iv. 546.
Like, likely; II. ii. 27.
Like, "an' it like," if it please; IV. iv. 726.

Limber, flexible, easy bent; I. ii. 47.
Limit, "strength of l." limited strength; III. ii. 107.
Lively, naturally; V. iii. 19.
Look out; "makes her blood l.o.," i.e. makes her blush; IV. iv. 160.

Look upon, take notice of; IV. ii. 41.

Lordings, lordlings; I. ii. 62.
Loss, be discarded; II. iii. 192.
Loud, tempestuous; III. iii. 11.

Lower messes, "persons of inferior rank" (properly those who sat at the lower end of the table); I. ii. 227.

Lozel, cowardly fellow; II. iii. 109.
Lunes, mad freaks; II. ii. 30.
Lusty, lively, active; II. ii. 27.

Maidenheads, maidenhoods; IV. iv. 116.

Mankind, masculine; II. iii. 67.

Mannerly, decent; II. i. 86.

Marble; "most m." the most hard-hearted; V. ii. 98.

Margery, a term of contempt; II. iii. 160.

Mark, pattern; IV. iv. 8.

Marted, traded; IV. iv. 357.

Marvel, astonishment; V. i. 188.

Masters, well-wishers, patrons; V. ii. 188.

Meaner form, lower position; I. ii. 313.

Means, tenors or counter-tenors; IV. iii. 46.

Measure, stately tread; IV. iv. 743.

Measure, judge of; II. i. 114.

Medicine, physician; IV. iv. 592.

Medler, busybody; IV. iv. 323.

Meet, proper, fit; II. ii. 46.

Men of hair, dressed in goat-skins to resemble satyrs; IV. iv. 327.



From Kuchler's *Pageants and Tourney at Stuttgart* (1809).

Mere, absolute; III. ii. 142; only, III. ii. 145.

Mess, course (of a feast); IV. iv. 11.

Midwife, old woman, used contemptuously; II. iii. 160.

More, more; I. ii. 8.

Moiety, part, portion; II. iii. 8; half, III. ii. 40.

Mortal, fatal; III. ii. 149.

Mort o' the deer, a note blown at the death of the deer; I. ii. 118.

Motion, puppet show; IV. iii. 103.
(See illustration.)

Of, off (=on); "browsing of ivy";
III. iii. 69.



A motion of the prodigal son.
From an English woodcut of XVIIth century.

Nayward, contradiction; II. i. 64.

Near, like, resembling; V. ii.
109.

Neat, used with a quibble upon
"neat" = horned cattle; I. ii.
123.

Neat-herds, cow-keepers; IV. iv.
326.

Neb, beak = mouth; I. ii. 183.

Necklace amber, "an amber of which
necklaces were made, commonly
called 'bead-amber,' fit to per-
fume a lady's chamber"; IV. iv.
223.

Next, nearest; III. iii. 127.

Note, mark, sign, I. ii. 287; know-
ledge, I. i. 40; distinction, emin-
ence, IV. ii. 48; mark for meas-
uring time; "shepherd's note"
=the shepherd hath observed,
noted, I. ii. 2.

Noted, respected; V. iii. 145.

O'erween, am overbold, presume;
IV. ii. 9.

Of, some of; "you have of," i.e.
there are some; IV. iv. 216.

Officed, "having a place or func-
tion"; I. ii. 172.

O' life (Folio "a life"), on my life;
IV. iv. 260.

On, of; II. ii. 23.

On't, of it; II. i. 169.

Out, on the wrong scent; II. i.
72.

Out of, without; V. i. 90.

Over, over us; IV. iv. 661.

Overture, disclosure; II. i. 172.

Paddling palms, toying with hands;
used contemptuously; I. ii.
115.

Pale, paleness (with probably a play
on the other sense, limit, bound-
ary); IV. iii. 4.

Pandar, go-between; II. i. 46.

Pantler, the servant who had charge
of the pantry; IV. iv. 56.

Paragon, pattern of supreme excel-
lence; V. i. 153.

Part, depart; I. ii. 10; divide; I. ii. 18.

Partake, communicate; V. iii. 132.

Partlet; "Dame P." alluding to Chaucer's *Nonne Prestes Tale*, where P. is the name of the favourite hen of Chauntecleer; II. iii. 75.

Parts, actions, tasks; I. ii. 400.

Pash, head; I. ii. 128.

Passer, surpusses; II. ii. 20.

Passing, surpassing; IV. iv. 289.

Pattern, match; III. ii. 37.

Pay your fees; alluding to fees paid by prisoners, whether guilty or not, on their liberation; I. ii. 53.

Peep, peep out; IV. iii. 1.

Peering, disclosing (herself); IV. iv. 3.

Perfect, sure; III. iii. 1.

Performed, executed; V. ii. 105.

Pettitoes, pigs' feet; used contemptuously; IV. iv. 613.

Physic, heals, cures; I. i. 43.

Picture, appearance; IV. iv. 609; painted statue; V. ii. 187.

Piece, complete; V. ii. 117.

Piece up, hoard up, so as to have his fill; V. iii. 56.

Piedness, variegation; IV. iv. 87.

Pin and web, the disease of the eyes, now known as cataract; I. ii. 291.

Pinch'd, made ridiculous; II. i. 51.

Places, position, station; I. ii. 448.

Plackets, some special article of female attire; IV. iv. 244.

Plucking, pulling; IV. iv. 470.

Points, tagged laces for fastening various articles of attire; here an obvious play on the word; IV. iv. 206. (Cp. illustration in *Twelfth Night*.)

Poking-sticks, small iron, brass, or silver rods, which were heated, and used for setting the plaits of ruffs; IV. iv. 227.

Pomander, "a ball composed of perfumes"; IV. iv. 603.



From a specimen in the Londesborough collection.

Ponderous, forcible; IV. iv. 529.

Post; "in p." in haste; II. i. 182.

Posterns, the smaller gates of a city; I. ii. 438.

Pound and odd shilling, twenty-one shillings, a guinea; IV. iii. 34.

Power; "to my p." to the best of my power; V. ii. 182.

Powerful, forcible, hence "deterrent"; IV. iii. 29.

Practice, artifice, device; III. ii. 168.

Prank'd up, decked up, adorned; IV. iv. 10.

Predominant, used as an astrological term; I. ii. 202.

Pregnant, made plausible; V. ii. 33.

Preposterous, Clown's blunder for *prosperous*; V. ii. 158.

Present, immediate; II. iii. 184.

Presently, immediately; II. ii. 47.

Pretence, purpose, intention; III. ii. 18.

Prig, thief; IV. iii. 105.

Profess, confess, own; IV. iv. 544.

Glossary

THE WINTER'S TALE

Profess'd, professed friendship; I. ii. 456.

Proper, own; II. iii. 139.

Pugging, thievish; IV. iii. 7.

Purchased, gained, came to; IV. iii. 27.

Purgation, exculpation; III. ii. 7.

Puritan, a contemptuous allusion to the "Psalm-singing Puritans"; IV. iii. 45.

Push, impulse, impetus; V. iii. 129.

Putter-on, instigator; II. i. 141.

Qualify, appease, soften; IV. iv. 537.

Question, conversation, IV. ii. 55; "in q.," under examination, trial, V. i. 198.

Quick, alive; IV. iv. 132.

Quoifs, caps, hoods; IV. iv. 225.



From a figure on the tomb of Lady Hoby (temp. Elizabeth), in the Church of Bisham, Berks.

Race, root; IV. iii. 49.

Rash, quick, sudden; I. ii. 319.

Rear'd, raised; I. ii. 314.

Reason, it is just; IV. iv. 411.

Regard, look; I. ii. 390.

Relish, realize, perceive; II. i. 167.

Remember, remind; III. ii. 231.

Removed, retired, sequestered; V. ii. 116.

Removedness, retirement; IV. ii. 41.

Rebair, restoration; V. i. 31.

Replenish'd, perfect; II. i. 79.

Require, deserve, II. iii. 190; III. ii. 64.

Resolve you, prepare yourselves, compose yourselves; V. iii. 86.

Respecting, considering; V. i. 35.

Reverend, "venerable, entitled to high respect"; IV. iv. 73.

Review, re-view, see again; IV. iv. 673.

Rheums, rheumatism; IV. iv. 404.

Rift, burst, split; V. i. 66.

Ripe, pressing; I. ii. 332.

Rosemary, referred to as the symbol of remembrance; IV. iv. 74.

Rounding, murmuring; I. ii. 217.

Rue, referred to as the herb of grace; IV. iv. 74.

Sad, serious, earnest; IV. iv. 311.

Saffron, a spice used for colouring paste; IV. iii. 47.

Saltiers, the servant's blunder for satyrs; IV. iv. 329.

Sap, life, hope; IV. iv. 570.

Savour, smell, scent; IV. iv. 75.

Scape, transgression; III. iii. 73.

Sealing, closing, putting an end to; I. ii. 337.

Sear, brand; II. i. 73.

Second; "be second to me," second my efforts; II. iii. 27.

Seeming, appearance; IV. iv. 75.

Seems, appears; IV. iv. 157.

Seized, fallen on, overpowered; V. i. 142.

Seven-night, week; I. ii. 17.

Severals, individuals; I. ii. 226.

Shall's, shall us (i.e. shall we; "shall" perhaps used impersonally); I. ii. 178.

She, love, mistress; IV. iv. 354.

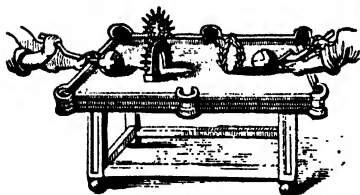
Sheep-whistling, whistling after sheep, tending sheep; IV. iv. 790.

- Sheets*; "is sheets," i.e. is to steal s.; IV. iii. 23.
Shore, put ashore; IV. iv. 854.
Should, would; I. ii. 57.
'Shrew, beshrew, a mild form of imprecation; I. ii. 281.
Sighted, having eyes; I. ii. 388.
Silly. "s. cheat," harmless fraud, petty thievery; IV. iii. 28.
Since, when; V. i. 219.
Singular, unique; IV. iv. 144.
Singularities, rarities, curiosities; V. iii. 12.
Sitting, interview; IV. iv. 566.
Skill, cunning; II. i. 166; reason, motive (or rather a thought caused by consideration and judgment); IV. iv. 152.
Sleeve-hand, wristband, cuff; IV. iv. 211.
Sneaping, nipping; I. ii. 13.
Softly, slowly; IV. iii. 118.
Soaking, absorbent; I. ii. 224.
Solely, alone; II. iii. 17.
Sooth; "good s." in very truth; IV. iv. 160.
So that, provided that; II. i. 9.
Sped, prospered, succeeded; I. ii. 389.
Speed, fortune; III. ii. 146.
Spices, seasonings; III. ii. 185.
Splitt'st, cleav'st; I. ii. 349.
Spoke, spoken; I. ii. 106.
Sprightly, in a sprightly manner (adjective in-ly used as adverb); IV. iv. 53.
Springs, a noose for catching birds; IV. iii. 36.
Square, the embroidery on the bosom of a garment; IV. iv. 211.
Squared, shaped; V. i. 52.
Squash, an unripe peascod; I. ii. 160.
Squier, square, measure; IV. iv. 343.
Stand, fight; III. ii. 46.
Star; "the watery star," the moon; I. ii. 1.
Starr'd, fated; III. ii. 100.
State, estate, rank, station; IV. iv. 431.
Straight, straightway, immediately; II. i. 70.
Strain'd, turned from the right course; III. ii. 51.
Straited, at a loss; IV. iv. 359.
Strangely, as if it were a stranger; II. iii. 182.
Stretch-mouthed, broad-spoken; IV. iv. 196.
Strong, forcible; I. ii. 34.
Stuff'd, complete; II. i. 185.
Subject, people; I. i. 43.
Success, succession; I. ii. 394.
Suddenly, immediately; II. iii. 200.
Sufficiency, ability; II. i. 185.
Swear over, endeavour to overcome by swearing oaths; I. ii. 424.
Table-book, tablet, memorandum book; IV. iv. 604. (Cp. illustration in *Cymbeline*).
Take, excite, move; III. ii. 38.
Take in, conquer, take; IV. iv. 582.
Tall; "t. fellow of thy hands," active, able-bodied man who will bear the test; VI. ii. 177.
Tardied, retarded; III. ii. 163.
Tawdry-lace, a rustic necklace (said to be corrupted from St Audrey, i.e. St Ethelreda, on whose day, the 17th October, a fair was held in the isle of Ely, where gay toys of all sorts were sold); IV. iv. 250.
Tell, count; IV. iv. 185.
Tender, show, introduce; IV. iv. 812.
That=O that! (or, better, dependent on "I am question'd by my fears"; "that . . . no"="lest"; I. ii. 12.
That, so that; I. i. 30; provided that, I. ii. 84, 85.
Thereabouts, of that import; I. ii. 378.
Thereto, added thereto, besides; I. ii. 391.
Thick, made thick, thicken; I. ii. 171.
Thought, idea, opinion; I. ii. 424.
Thought on, held in estimation; IV. iv. 525.

Glossary

THE WINTER'S TALE

"Three man song-men," i.e. "singers of songs in three parts"; IV. iii. 44.
Three-pile, the richest and most costly kind of velvet; IV. iii. 14.
Thriving, successful; II. ii. 45.
Tincture, colour; III. ii. 206.
Toaze (Folio 1, "at toaze"), "probably to touse, i.e. pull, tear"; IV. iv. 747.
Tod, twenty-eight pounds of wool; IV. iii. 34.
Tods, yields a tod; IV. iii. 33.
Traffic, business, trade; IV. iii. 23.
Traitorly, traitorous; IV. iv. 807.
Transported, hurried away by violent passion; III. ii. 159; borne away by ecstasy, V. iii. 69.
Tremor cordis, trembling of the heart; I. ii. 110.
Trick, toy, plaything; II. i. 51.
Troll-my-dames, the French game of *Trou-madame*; IV. iii. 89.



Trou-madame.

From an early collection of foreign emblems.

Trumpet, trumpeter, herald; II. ii. 35.
Trunk, body; I. ii. 435.
Tug, strive, struggle; IV. iv. 502.
Turtles, turtle-doves; IV. iv. 154.

Unbraided, (?) = "not counterfeit, sterling, but probably the Clown's blunder for *embroidered*"; IV. iv. 204.

Uncasp'd, revealed; III. ii. 168.
Uncurrent, objectionable, unallowable (like false coin); III. ii. 50.
Undergo, undertake; IV. iv. 548.

Uneasy, difficult; IV. ii. 56.
Unfurnish, deprive; V. i. 123.
Unintelligent, ignorant, unconscious; I. i. 16.
Unrolled, struck off the rolls (of thieves); IV. iii. 127.
Unsphere, remove from their orbs; I. ii. 48.
Unthrifty, not increasing; V. ii. 120.
Unvenerable, contemptible; II. iii. 77.
Urgent, pressing; I. ii. 465.
Use; "the u. on't," having been used; III. i. 14.
Utter, "cause to pass from one to another"; IV. iv. 325.

Vast (later Folios "a vast sea"), a boundless sea; I. i. 33.
Vessel, creature; III. iii. 21.
Vice, screw, force; I. ii. 416.
Villain, a term of endearment; I. ii. 136.
Virginalling, "playing as upon a virginal (a sort of small piano-forte)"; I. ii. 125.



From a painting on glass, executed in 1601.

Visible, appearing visibly; V. i. 216.
Visitation, visit; I. i. 7; IV. iv. 560.
Vulgars, the common people; II. i. 94.

Wafting, turning quickly; I. ii. 372.

Waits upon, accompanies; V. i. 142.

Want, be without; IV. ii. 15.

Wanton, play; II. i. 18.

Ward, "guard made in fencing"; I. ii. 33.

Warden, a baking pear; IV. iii. 48.

Wearing, apparel, dress; IV. iv. 9.

Weeds, garments; IV. iv. 1.

Welkin, heavenly, (?) blue; I. ii. 136.

Well, at rest; V. i. 30.

What, whatever; I. ii. 44.

Which, that which; III. ii. 61.

Whistle off (Folio 1, whistle of); perhaps, derived from falconry; "to whistle off" = to send off; IV. iv. 246.

Whitsun pastorals, Whitsuntide morris-dances; IV. iv. 134.



From a woodcut of the XVIIth century.

Whoo-bub, outcry, clamour; IV. iv. 623.

"*Whoop, do me no harm, good-man.*" the name of an old song; IV. iv.

199. The rest of the words are unknown, but several ballads printed in the latter part of XVIth century go to this tune.

Wild, rash; II. i. 182.

Wilful-negligent, wilfully negligent; I. ii. 255.

Wink, the act of closing the eyes; I. ii. 317.

Winked, closed my eyes; III. iii. 106.

Winners, "precious w." winners of things precious to you; V. iii. 132.

Wit, wisdom; II. ii. 52.

With, by; IV. iii. 27; V. ii. 68.

Without-door, outward, external; II. i. 69.

Woman-tired, hen-pecked; II. iii. 74.

Wonder, admiration; V. i. 133.

Wondering, admiration; IV. i. 25.

Worn, spent; "w. times," spent youth = old age; V. i. 142.

Worship, honour, dignity; I. ii. 314.

Worth, worthiness of all kinds, here especially fortune and rank; V. i. 214.

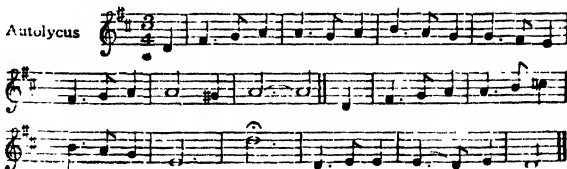
Wotting, knowing; III. ii. 77.

Wrought, worked upon, agitated; V. iii. 58.

Yellow, the colour of jealousy; II. iii. 106.

Yest, spume or foam of water; III. iii. 94.

Yet, still; I. ii. 51.



[Whoop, do me no harm, good man.]

From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music*.

THE WINTER'S TALE

Notes.

I. ii. 44. '*What lady she her lord*'; 'she' has been variously interpreted; Collier and Dyce proposed 'should,' destroying the beauty of the line; Schmidt makes the phrase 'lady she'='a woman that is a lady,' taking 'she'='woman'; others print 'lady-she'; perhaps the word may be best explained as the pleonastic pronoun so common in popular poetry; the rhythm seems to favour this latter view.

I. ii. 70. '*no, nor dream'd*,' so later Folios; Folio 1 (retained by Cambridge Edition), *nor dream'd*; Spedding, '*neither dream'd*'; the reading adopted in the text has much to commend it.

I. ii. 131-2. '*false As o'er-dyed blacks*'; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*o're dy'd*'; the words have been variously interpreted to mean 'fabrics dyed over with some other colour,' or, 'dyed too much'; Steevens saw in the phrase an allusion to the fact that black will receive no other hue without discovering itself through it; the passage may simply contain the idea, 'the blacker the garb, the less sincere the mourning.'

I. ii. 154. '*methoughts*'; so the Folios in this and other places; this erroneous form was probably due to '*methinks*'; it is noteworthy that the correct '*methought*' occurs a few lines below.

I. ii. 284. '*that*,' i.e. 'that of which you accuse her.'

II. i. 11. '*Who taught you this?*' Rowe's emendation of the reading of Folio 1, '*taught this*' (with an apostrophe before '*this*,' indicating an elision); the later Folios, '*taught this*.'

II. ii. 25. '*A sad tale's best for winter*'; hence the title of the play.

II. i. 39-41. '*There may be in the cup A spider*,' etc.; it was formerly believed that spiders were venomous.

II. i. 134. '*I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife*'; i.e. 'I'll degrade my wife's chamber into a stable or dog kennel.'

II. i. 143. '*I would land-damn him*'; so the Folios; '*land-damm*,' '*landanum*,' '*lamback*,' (i.e. 'beat'), '*half-damn*,' '*live-damn*,' '*landan* (*lantan*, *rantan*),' '*land-dam*,' are among the various emendations proposed; Schmidt suggests '*I would—Lord, damn him!*' In all probability the reading of the Folios should not be departed from, and it seems likely that Antigonus, having in the previous phrase used the word '*damn'd*,' here uses '*land-damn*,' as a sort of grim quibble for '*landan*,'—a Gloucester-

shire word still in use "to express the punishment meted out to slanderers and adulterers by rustics traversing from house to house along the country side, blowing trumpets and beating drums or pans and kettles; when an audience was assembled the delinquents' names were proclaimed, and they were said to be landanned" (cf. Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic Words*, and *Notes and Queries*, iii. 464): *landan*, *lantan*, *rantan*, were variants of the same word, which was probably imitative in its origin.

II. i. 153. '*As you feel doing thus*,' probably = my doing thus to you (i.e. touching him, or perhaps pulling his beard); '*the instruments that feel*' = my fingers.

II. iii. 178. '*to its own protection*,' so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, '*its*'; the old possessive form '*it*,' still in use in Lancashire, occurs again in this play (III. ii. 101); there are some dozen instances elsewhere: '*it own*,' may be regarded as a sort of idiomatic compound, the combination helping to maintain the archaism; '*its* (Folio, *it's*) *own*,' to be found in Act I. ii. 266, is said to be the only instance of its use in Shakespeare.

III. ii. 178. '*boiling in leads or oils*.' Cp. the accompanying illustration.

III. iii. 123. '*You're a made old man*'; Theobald's emendation of the Folio reading '*mad*,' confirmed by the corresponding passage in Shakespeare's original:—"The Goodman desired her to be quiet . . . if she could hold her peace they were made for ever."

IV. i. 15. '*to it*,' i.e. '*the present*.'

IV. ii. 4. '*It is fifteen years since*,' etc.; changed by Hanmer to '*sixteen*,' the number intended by Shakespeare.

IV. iii. 23. '*when the kite builds, look to lesser linen*'; alluding to this bird's habit of carrying off small linen garments hung out to dry; Autolycus preferred more substantial prey.

IV. iii. 53. '*I' the name of me* —'; probably, as has been suggested, the Clown's exclamation of '*Mercy*' is interrupted by Autolycus.

IV. iv. 13. '*swoon*,' Hanmer's correction of Folios; '*sworn*,' retained in the Cambridge edition.

IV. iv. 160. '*out*'; Theobald's emendation for Folio 1, '*on't*.'

IV. iv. 249. '*clamour your tongues*'; Hanmer's emendation '*charm*' has been generally adopted, but '*clamour*' is almost certainly correct (Taylor, the Water-Poet, wrote '*Clamour the promulgation of your tongues*'); '*clamour*' or rather '*clammer*,' is probably radically identical with '*clamber*,' the



From an illuminated MS. of XVth century.

Scandinavian original of which, '*klambra*' = 'to pinch closely together, to clamp.'

IV. iv. 275. '*another ballad of a fish*'; *cp. e.g.* "A strange report of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, seen in the sea"; entered in the Stationers' Registers in 1604.

IV. iv. 436. '*Farre than Deucalion off*'; '*farre*' = 'farther'; the Folios all correctly read '*fur*,' *i.e.* the old form of the comparative of '*fur*,' unnecessarily substituted by the Cambridge Editors.



From a tapestry in the Chateau d'Effiat. The original represents a gentleman and lady, who are looking at a gypsy encampment. While the gentleman is directing the lady's attention to the group, one of the number cuts the string which connects the purse with her girdle.

IV. iv. 586. '*i' the rear o' her birth*'; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*our birth*'; Rowe first emended the line as in the text, though in his second edition he read '*o' our*' for '*o' her*.'

IV. iv. 594. '*appear*,' *i.e.* appear so (like Bohemia's son).

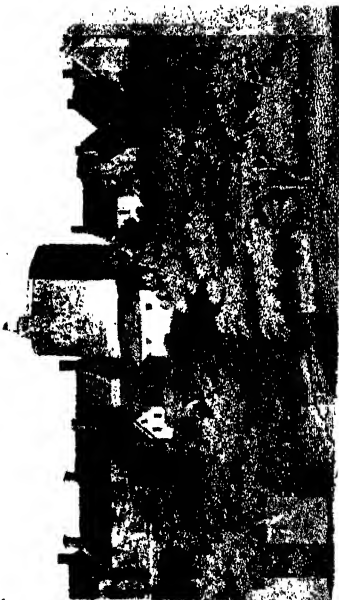
IV. iv. 621. '*I picked and cut their festival purses*,' *cp.* the accompanying drawing.

IV. iv. 721. '*at palace*'; Folio 1, '*at 'Pallace*'; probably the apostrophe indicates "the omission of the article or its absorption in rapid pronunciation."

V. ii. 60. '*weather-bitten conduit*'; changed to '*weather-beaten*' in Folio 3; but '*weather-bitten*' is undoubtedly the correct form (*cp.* Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*): conduits were frequently in the form of human figures.

V. ii. 105. '*that rare Italian master*'; Giulio Pippi, known as 'Giulio Romano,' was born in 1492, and died in 1546; his fame as a painter was widespread; Shakespeare, taking him as 'a type of artistic excellence,' makes him a sculptor; it must, however, be remembered that the statue was a 'painted picture.' Much has been made of

this reference by the advocates of Shakespeare's alleged Italian journeys (*cp.* Elze's *Essays on Shakespeare*).



San Juan, Puerto Rico, 1904.

CYMBELINE

Preface.

THE FIRST EDITION. "*The Tragedie of Cymbeline*" was first printed in the Folio of 1623; it is the last play in the volume, where it occupies pp. 369-399 (misprinted 993). It has been found desirable to remove it from its position in the Folio so that it may be included in this volume of "Comedies."

The place of *Cymbeline* in the First Folio has led some critics to infer that it was included late, and as an afterthought. The text of the play is certainly unsatisfactory, and possibly represents in many cases the poet's "rough-cast notes" rather than his finished work.

DOUBLE AND TRIPLETS. The Vision in Act V. Scene iv. was probably by some other hand than Shakespeare's; it recalls the problems connected with the *Maque* in the Fourth Act of *The Tempest*; in both cases it is important to remember the fondness for this species of composition during the reign of James I. The Vision may have been inserted for some special Court representation.

The exquisite simplicity of the dirge sung by the brothers over the grave of Fidele (Act IV. Sc. ii.) seems to have raised doubts in the minds of certain commentators as to the authenticity of the lines; they have found "something strikingly inferior" in the concluding couplets, both in thought and expression; they would reject, as "additions,"

*"Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust,"*

preferring no doubt Collin's more elegant rendering:—

*"To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring!"*

Preface

CYMBELINE

The "Tragedy" of *Cymbeline*. The editors of the First Folio erred in describing *Cymbeline* as a "Tragedy," and in placing it in the division of "Tragedies"; '*all is outward sorrow*' at the opening of the story, but its close is attuned to the harmony of peace and happiness, and the play thus satisfies the essential conditions of "Romantic Comedy," or more properly of Shakespearian "Tragi-Comedy,"—life's commingling of tears and laughter, sorrow and joy, joy triumphant in the end.

Date of Composition. No positive evidence exists for the date of composition of *Cymbeline*; the probabilities are in favour of 1609-10.

This limit may be fixed from a notice in the MS. *Diary* of Dr Simon Forman, a notorious quack and astrologer. His "*Book of Plaies and Notes thereof for common Pollicie*"* shows him an enthusiastic play-goer; it contains his reports of three Shakespearian representations at the Globe Theatre in 1610-11; *Macbeth* is referred to under the former year (possibly an error for 1611); *The Winter's Tale* was witnessed on the 15th of May, 1611, two or three months before the diarist's death; *Cymbeline* unfortunately has no date assigned; there is merely the statement, preceding an epitome of the plot,—

"Remember also the story of Cymbalin, King of England in Lucius' time."

Cymbeline's influence on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* (cp. the characters of Imogen and Euphrasia †) is noteworthy: the date of the latter play cannot be definitely fixed, but the evidence points to circa 1610-11; 1608 is the earliest date critics have assigned to it. Similarly Webster's "*White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*," printed in 1612, and written circa 1608, owes some of its tenderest touches to the most striking scenes in *Cymbeline*.

The relation of these two plays, to the present play, as well as certain striking resemblances between scenes and situations in *Cymbeline* and *Macbeth* (e.g. Act II. ii., compared with *Macbeth*, Act II. ‡), have led to

* Among the Ashmolean MSS. (208) in the Bodleian Library; privately printed by Halliwell-Phillips.

† As a single instance of the borrowings, in thought and phraseology, the following may be noted:—

"The gods take part against me; could this boor
Have held me thus else?" (*Philaster*, IV. i.).

Cp. *Cymbeline*, V. ii. 2-6.

‡ Some of the parallels are certainly noteworthy; thus, the reference to Tarquin (II. 12-14) recalls '*Tarquin's ravishing strides*' (*Macb.*, II. i. 55, 56); '*luc'd with blue of heaven's own tinct*' (II. 22, 23) may be compared with Duncan's '*silver skin laced with his golden blood*' *Macb.*, II. iii. 118), &c.

CYMBELINE

Preface

the conjecture that some portions of the work were written as early as 1606-7, the whole being completed in 1609-10; one scholar assigns to the former date Act II. Sc. i., and Act V. Sc. ii.-v.* Another scholar † calls attention to a change of treatment to be found in the character of Cloten; in the earlier scenes "he is a mere fool" (e.g. I. iii., II. i.); in the later "he is by no means deficient in manliness, and the lack of his counsel is regretted by the King in Act IV. Sc. i." He finds in Act III. Sc. v. corroboration of his view, pointing out that the prose part is a subsequent insertion, having some slight discrepancies with the older parts of the scene. According to this view the story of Cymbeline and his sons, the tribute, &c., in the last three acts, was written at an earlier time, in 1606.‡

More important than these questionable theories are the unmistakable links connecting *Cymbeline* with the Shakespearian fragment of *Pericles*, with *The Tempest*, and especially with *The Winter's Tale*—the crowning glories of the close of the poet's literary life; what the present writer has said of one of these may be said of all: "on all of them his gentle spirit seems to rest; 'Timon the Misanthrope' no longer delights him; his visions are of human joy—scenes of forgiveness, reconciliation, and peace—a world where father is re-united with child, husband with wife, brother with brother, friend with friend. Like his own *Miranda*, Shakespeare in these Romances again finds the world beautiful:—

'O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
That has such people in 't!'

Perhaps, after all, John Heminge and Henry Condell knew what they were about, when, in defiance of chronology and of their own classification, they opened their precious Folio with the wonders of Prospero's enchanted island, and closed it with 'the divine comedy' of 'Posthumus and Imogen.'

Sources of the Plot. The main plot of the play is the love-story of Posthumus and Imogen: this theme, with the famous 'wager-motif' and the 'chest intrigue,' is set in a framework of pseudo-British History, and blended with episodes belonging to that mythical epoch.

* G. M. Ingleby (cp. his edition of "*Cymbeline*," 1886).

† F. G. Fleay.

‡ Cp. "A Chronicle History of the Life and Works of William Shakespeare."

I. The Historical Element. So far as the names of the British King (whose reign was contemporary with the birth of Christ), his two sons, and step-son, are concerned, the historical element was derived from Holinshed's *Chronicles of England* (Bk. III.; ch. xiii.-xviii.); some few meagre incidents were taken from the same source, notably the original of Posthumus' account of the battle, and of his description of the changed fortunes of the fight, summed up in '*a narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.*' The source of this episode is found in Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, near the chapters dealing with the story of *Macbeth*.

The mere name of the heroine is also to be found in Holinshed's account of ancient British story; but it is clear that Shakespeare was already familiar with the name when engaged on *Much Ado About Nothing*; in the opening stage-direction of this play "Innogen" is actually mentioned as "the wife of Leonato."

II. The Story of Imogen. The story of Imogen was derived, directly or indirectly, from the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio; it is one of the Second Day Stories, "wherein was discoursed of those who after being baffled by divers chances have won at last of a joyful issue beyond their hope." The Ninth Story tells "*how Bernabo of Genoa, duped by Ambrogio, loseth his good and commandeth that his innocent wife be put to death. She escapeth and serveth the Soldan in a man's habit. Here she lighteth upon the deceiver of her husband and bringeth the latter to Alexandria, where her traducer being punished, she resumeth woman's apparel and returneth with her husband, rich.*"

This rough outline of the plot, at the head of Boccaccio's story, indicates, somewhat at least, how far Shakespeare's version departs from the Italian. Shakespeare may have read the story as told in the *Decamerone*, but there were many other renderings of the theme, which, perhaps originally belonging to Byzantine literature, found a place in Old French Romance and Drama long before it reached Italy; in all probability "*The Romance of the Violet*," by Gerbert de Montruil, circa 1225, was the source of Boccaccio's novel.

From the French, rather than from the Italian, were derived the oldest German and Scandinavian stories of "*The Four Merchants; or, The Virtuous Wife.*" Some such English variant of the Imogen story was probably current in England in the sixteenth century, and may account for certain features of the play; e.g. the introduction in Act

I. Sc. iv. of the representatives of the four nationalities,* but it is not at all unlikely that Shakespeare was also acquainted with Boccaccio's narrative. A curious English version appeared in a tract entitled "*Westward for Smelts*," which was published in 1620; its chief interest lies perhaps in the fact that the story is there associated with English history, and referred to the times of Edward IV.†

III. Imogen and Snow-white. Certain elements of the plot have still to be accounted for:—e.g. (i) the story of the wicked step-dame, with her subtle interest in the poisonous properties of herbs: (ii) the stealing of the princes, and their free life in the wilds and in their cave-home: (iii) Fidele's happy life with them in the cave; its sudden end; the re-awakening from death. These, and other points, serve to knit together the two main threads of the plot, but they are nowhere to be found in Holinshed, nor in Boccaccio, nor in the many variants of the "wager-story." The bare enumeration of the three elements must, I think, serve to establish Shakespeare's obligation to another source,—to a folk-story still among the most popular of all nursery tales,—the story of "Little Snow-white." The fairy tale as known to modern English children has come to them from Germany, but there can be little doubt that an English "Snow-white" was known to Shakespeare in his own youth, and was perhaps even dearer to him than the stories of "Childe Rowland" and "Mr Fox" (*vide King Lear*, III. iv. 188, and *Much Ado About Nothing*, I. i. 216-218). These latter fairy tales are happily still preserved among the treasures of "English Fairy Tales": some day perhaps Shakespeare's "Snow-white" may be added; one would, however, be much surprised if it differed strikingly from the tale so dear to us from infancy.

In the tale as in the play we have (i) a weak king surrendering his child to the tender mercies of a cruel step-mother, who, to quote from the popular version, "was a beautiful woman, but proud and haughty"; (ii) the cottage of the dwarfs which gives Snow-white shelter as described in the best and truest versions as a cave in the forest; (iii) Snow-white, hungry and thirsty, enters the cave unin-

* It is interesting to note that not only was the story of "*The Four Merchants*" well known in Denmark in the XVIth century, but during the same century Iceland had ballads and rhymes on the same theme; the writer possesses transcripts of several such versions.

† Malone alludes to an edition of 1603; but he probably made a mistake; the book may have existed in manuscript years before its publication.

Preface

CYMBELINE

vited, and is found by the kindly dwarfs, much in the same way as Fidele by Belarius, Guiderius and Arviragus. "Oh, heavens! oh, heavens!" cried the dwarfs, "what a lovely child!" 'By Jupiter, an Angel!' quoth Belarius,

'or if not,
An earthly paragon!' . . .

(iv) The dwarfs said, "If you will take care of our house, cook, and make the beds, wash, sew, and knit, you can stay with us and you shall want for nothing." Even so was it with Fidele.

'But his neat cookery! he cut our roots
In characters,
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick
And he her dieter.' . . .

(v) "Snow-white," the story tells us, "kept the house in order for them; in the mornings they went to the mountains and looked for copper and gold, in the evenings they came back, and then their supper had to be ready. The girl was alone the whole day, so the good dwarfs warned her and said, 'Beware of your step-mother, she will soon know that you are here; be sure to let no one come in.'"
. . . The situation is practically identical in the play, save that Imogen's wicked step-mother need not visit her, for she works her evil power by means of the poisoned cordial. Both in the play and in the tale the poison sends the victim into a death-like trance. (vi) The simple narrative of the nursery story is perhaps the best commentary on the sweetest scene of the play, the finding of Fidele dead—'the bird is dead that we have made so much on'—and the burial, the sorrow of the princes, and their dirge. "Snow-white was dead, and remained dead. The dwarfs laid her upon a bier, and all seven of them sat round it and wept for her, and wept three days long. Then they were going to bury her, but she still looked as if she were living, and still had her pretty red cheeks. They said 'we cannot bury her in the dark ground,' and they had a transparent coffin of glass made. They put the coffin out upon the mountains, and one of them always stayed by it and watched it. And birds came too, and wept for Snow-white; first an owl, then a raven, and last a dove." Beneath all the complexity of plot created by Shakespeare, this original can still clearly be detected; in the play the homely robin, 'the ruddock,' does service for the owl, the raven, and the dove of the story. The parallels might easily be multiplied. These will perhaps suffice to show that Imogen, 'the sweetest, fairest lily,' and Fidele, 'that

CYMBELINE

Preface

*sweet rosy lad,*¹ owed something of their beauty to the child "white as snow, as red as blood, and with hair as black as ebony." "Imogen" is in very deed "Snow-white," the best beloved of childhood's heroines, transfigured as manhood's ideal of all womanly perfection.

**'Bang there like Fruit, my Soul,
Till the Tree Die.'**



Coin of Cymbeline (the Cunobelinus of early British history.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, *king of Britain.*

CLOTEN, *son to the Queen by a former husband.*

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen.*

BELARIUS, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

GUIDERIUS, } *sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and*
ARVIRAGUS, } *Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan.*

PHILARIO, *friend to Posthumus,* } *Italians.*

IACHIMO, *friend to Philario,* }

CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman forces.*

PISANIO, *servant to Posthumus.*

CORNELIUS, *a physician.*

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

A Frenchman, friend to Philario.

Two Lords of Cymbeline's Court.

Two Gentlemen of the same.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.*

HELEN, *a lady attending on Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE: *Britain: Rome.*

Cymbeline

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns: our
bloods

No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

Sec. Gent. But what's the matter?

First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom,
whom

He purposed to his wife's sole son—a widow
That late he married—hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

Sec. Gent. None but the king? 10

First Gent. He that hath lost her too: so is the queen,
That most desired the match: but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

Sec. Gent. And why so?

First Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,

I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd, is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth 20
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

Sec. Gent. You speak him far.

First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself,
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.

Sec. Gent. What's his name and birth?

First. Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan, 30
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He served with glory and admired success,
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time
Died with their swords in hand; for which their
father,

Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king he takes the babe 40
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,
And, in 's spring became a harvest: lived in court—

Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved :
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them, and to the graver
A child that guided dotards ; to his mistress, 50
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue ;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

Sec. Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king ?

First Gent. His only child.
He had two sons,—if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,—the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen, and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

Sec. Gent. How long is this ago ? 61

First Gent. Some twenty years.

Sec. Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd !
So slackly guarded ! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them !

First Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

Sec. Gent. I do well believe you.

First Gent. We must forbear : here comes the gentleman,
The queen and princess. [Exeunt.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus and Imogen.

Queen. No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter, 70
After the slander of most stepmothers,

Evil-eyed unto you : you're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate : marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril. 80
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds ! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing—
Always reserved my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me : you must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live, 90
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.

Post. My queen ! my mistress !
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man ! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth :
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter : thither write, my queen,

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. i.

And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you : 101
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside*] Yet I'll move
him

To walk this way : I never do him wrong
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
Were you but riding forth to air yourself, 110
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how ! another ?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death ! [*Putting on the ring.*] Remain,
remain thou here
While sense can keep it on ! And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles 120
I still win of you : for my sake wear this ;
It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*

Imo. O the gods !
When shall we see again ?

Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king !
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence, from my sight !
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest : away !
Thou 'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court !
I am gone. *[Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death 130
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me !

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation :
I am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace ? obedience ?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair ; that way, past grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my 'queen !

Imo. O blessed, that I might not ! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock. 140

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar ; wouldst have made my
throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No ; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one !

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. i.

Imo.

Sir,

It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus :
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym.

What, art thou mad !

Imo. Almost, sir : heaven restore me ! Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour-shepherd's son !

Cym.

Thou foolish thing ! 150

Re-enter Queen.

They were again together : you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen.

Beseech your Patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace ! Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym.

Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day ; and, being aged,
Die of this folly ! *[Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.]*

Queen.

Fie ! you must give way.

Enter Pisanio.

Here is your servant. How now, sir ! What news ?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen.

Ha ! 160

No harm, I trust, is done ?

Pis.

There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger : they were parted

By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.

To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!

I would they were in Afric both together;

Myself by with a needle, that I might prick

The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: he would not suffer me 170

To bring him to the haven: left these notes

Of what commands I should be subject to

When't pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been

Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour

He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,

I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least

Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.

•• [Excunt.

Scene II.

The same. A public place.

Enter Cloten and two Lords.

First Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt;
the violence of action hath made you reek as a
sacrifice; where air comes out, air comes in:
there's none abroad so wholesome as that you
vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have
I hurt him?

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. ii.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

First Lord. Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass, 10
if he be not hurt: it is a throughfare for steel,
if it be not hurt.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] His steel was in debt; it went o'
the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] No, but he fled forward still, toward
your face.

First Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of
your own; but he added to your having; gave
you some ground. 20

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] As many inches as you have oceans.
Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] So would I, till you had measured
how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election,
she is damned.

First Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and
her brain go not together: she's a good sign, 30
but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] She shines not upon fools, lest the
reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had
been some hurt done!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] I wish not so; unless it had been
the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us?

First Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

40

Sec. Lord. Well, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven
And question'dst every sail : if he should write
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee ?

Pis. It was, his queen, his queen !

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief ?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen ! happier therein than I !
And that was all ?

Pis. No, madam ; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep 10
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle ;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from 20

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. iv.

The smallness of a gnat to air ; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him ?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say : ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such ; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour ; or have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight, 31
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him ; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.* 40

Scene IV.

Rome. Philario's house.

*Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman,
and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain : he
was then of a crescent note ; expected to prove

so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of : but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

10

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him ; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you ? how creeps acquaintance ?

20

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together ; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton : let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

30

Enter Posthumus.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman ; whom I commend to you as a

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. iv.

noble friend of mine : how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness : I was glad I did atone my countryman and you ; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature. 40

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller ; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences : but upon my mended judgement—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight. 50

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we with manners ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think : 'twas a contention in public, which may without contradiction suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses ; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France. 60

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I 70
would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand
comparison—had been something too fair and
too good for any lady in Britany. If she went
before others I have seen, as that diamond of
yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could
not but believe she excelled many: but I have
not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor
you the lady. 80

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or
she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or
given, if there were wealth enough for the
purchase or merit for the gift: the other is
not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the
gods. 90

Iach. Which the gods have given you!

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you
know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring
ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your
brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. iv.

frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a 100 courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go 110 back even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which in my opinion o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a per- 120 suasion, and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's
on the approbation of what I have spoke! 130

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands
so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to
your ring, that, commend me to the court where
your lady is, with no more advantage than the
opportunity of a second conference, and I will
bring from thence that honour of hers which you
imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my
ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it. 140

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you
buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot
preserve it from tainting: but I see you have
some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear
a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would
undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till
your return: let there be covenants drawn be- 150
tween's; my mistress exceeds in goodness the
hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you
to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no
sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the
dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten
thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond
too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour
as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your 160

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. v.

jewel, and my gold are yours ; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions ; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer : if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy ; she is not worth our debate : if she remain unseduced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword. 170

Iach. Your hand ; a covenant : we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away from Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve : I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you ?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray let us follow 'em. 180
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.

Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers ;

Make haste : who has the note of them ?

First Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs ?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are, madam :

[*Presenting a small box.*]

But I beseech your grace, without offence,—
My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death,
But, though slow, deadly.

Queen. I wonder, doctor, 10
Thou ask'st me such a question, Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish—is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgement in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the vigour of them and apply 21
Allayments to their act, and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart :
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him
Will I first work : he's for his master,
And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio !
Doctor, your service for this time is ended ; 30

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. v.

Take your own way.

Cor. [Aside] I do suspect you, madam ;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [To *Pisano*] Hark thee, a word.

Cor. [Aside] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile ;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher : but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes. 40
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect ; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou ? Dost thou think in
time

She will not quench and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses ? Do thou work :
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then 50
As great as is thy master ; greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp : return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is : to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,

To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him! [*The Queen drops the
box: Pisanio takes it up.*] Thou takest up 60
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial: nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such 71
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*]

A sly and constant knave;
Not to be shaken: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet; and which she after, 80
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured
To taste of too.

Re-enter Pisanio with Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. vi.

Think on my words. *[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.]*

Pis. And shall do :

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself : there's all I'll do for you. *[Exit.]*

Scene VI.

The same. Another room in the palace.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false ;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd ;—O, that husband !
My supreme crown of grief ! and those repeated
Vexations of it ! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy ! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious : blest be those,
How mean soe'er, that hath their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be ? Fie !

Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, 10
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam ?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. *[Presents a letter.]*

Imo. Thanks, good sir :
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. *[Aside]* All of her that is out of door most rich !
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend !
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot !

Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight; 20
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [*Reads*] 'He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust—'

LEONATUS.'

So far I read aloud :
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach, and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

lamb. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judge-
ment;

For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite : nor i' the appetite ;
Slutt'ry, to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow ?

Iach. The cloyed will,

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. vi.

That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir, 50
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well.
[*To Pisanio*] Beseech you, sir,
Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He's strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit.]

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?
Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd 60
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad,
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton,
Your lord, I mean, laughs from's free lungs, cries 'O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof, 70
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?'

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam ; with his eyes in flood with laughter
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens
know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he : but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself 'tis much ;
In you, which I account his beyond all talents, 80
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir ?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir ?

You look on me : what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity ?

Iach. Lamentable ! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff ?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me ?

Iach. That others do, 90
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me : pray you,—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do ; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,—discover to me

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. vi.

What both you spur and stop.

Iach.

Had I this cheek

To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch, 100
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here ; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as
With labour ; then by-peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit 110
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo.

My lord, I fear,

Has forgot Britain.

Iach.

And himself. Not I

Inclined to this intelligence pronounce
The beggary of his change, but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

Imo.

Let me hear no more.

Iach.

O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick ! A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery, 120
Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd
With tomboys hired with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield ! with diseased ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature ! such boil'd stuff
As well might poison poison ! Be revenged,

Or she that bore you was no queen and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged!

How should I be revenged? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears 130
Must not in haste abuse,—if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips. 140

Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit 150
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all. What ho, Pisanio!

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. vi.

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
 The credit that thy lady hath of thee
 Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
 Her assured credit. Blessed live you long!
 A lady to the worthiest sir that ever 160
 Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
 For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
 I have spoke this to know if your affiance
 Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord
 That which he is new o'er: and he is one
 The truest manner'd, such a holy witch
 That he enchants societies into him;
 Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off, 170
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
 To try your taking of a false report, which hath
 Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement
 In the election of a sir so rare,
 Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him
 Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot 180
 To entreat your grace but in a small request,
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns
 Your lord; myself and other noble friends
 Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord—

The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor ;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France : 'tis plate of rare device and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great ; 190
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage : may it please you
To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly ;
And pawn mine honour for their safety : since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men : I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night ;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.
Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word 200
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains :
But not away to-morrow !

Iach. O, I must, madam :
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night :
I have outstood my time, which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome. 210

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cloten and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on 't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

First Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. 10

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

Sec. Lord. No, my lord; [*Aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth: a pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match. 20

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

Sec. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that : but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors. 30

Sec. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

First Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that 's come to court to-night ?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on 't !

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] He 's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

First Lord. There 's an Italian come, and 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus ! a banished rascal ; and he 's another, 40
whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger ?

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him ? is there no derogation in 't ?

Sec. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are a fool granted ; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian : what I have lost 50
to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

Sec. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass ? a woman that
Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,

CYMBELINE

Act II. Sc. ii.

And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd, 60
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he 'ld make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!

[Exit.

Scene II.

*Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace :
a trunk in one corner of it.*

Imogen in bed, reading; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:

Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.

[Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods!

From fairies and the tempters of the night

Guard me, beseech ye!

10

[Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becomest thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch
But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids 20
To see the unclosed lights, now canopied
Under those windows, white and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,
To note the chamber: I will write all down:
Such and such pictures; there the window; such
The adornment of her bed; the arras, figures,
Why, such and such; and the contents o' the story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory. 30
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off:

[Taking off her bracelet.]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher, 40
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turned down
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. 50

[Clock strikes.

One, two, three: time, time!

[Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.

Scene III

An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

First Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in
loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

First Lord. But not every man patient after the noble
temper of your lordship. You are most hot and
furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I
could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold
enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

First Lord. Day, my lord.

10

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to
give her music o' mornings; they say it will
penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with
your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if

none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it: and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings, 20
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise!

Clo. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will 30
consider your music the better: if it do not, it
is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and
calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to
boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the
reason I was up so early: he cannot choose
but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my
gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth? 40

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouch-
safes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ;
She hath not yet forgot him : some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself 50
To orderly soliciting, and be friended
With aptness of the season ; make denials
Increase your services ; so seem as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her ; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless ! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome ;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow, . 60
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;
But that's no fault of his : we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender ;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice. Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us ; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our
queen. [*Exeunt all but Cloten.*]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,
Let her lie still and dream. By your leave, ho !

[*Knocks.*]

I know her women are about her : what 70
If I do line one of their hands ? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer ; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief ;
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man : what
Can it not do and undo ? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [Knocks. 80

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks ?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more ?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours

Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure ?

Clo. Your lady's person : is she ready ?

Lady. Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There is gold for you ;

Sell me your good report.

Lady. How ! my good name ? or to report of you

What I shall think is good ? The princess !

[*Exit Lady.*

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest : sister, your sweet hand. 90

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble : the thanks I give

CYMBELINE

Act II. Sc. iii.

Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me :
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy 100
To your best kindness : one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin :
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool ?

Imo. As I am mad, I do :
If you 'll be patient, I'll no more be mad ;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
By being so verbal : and learn now for all 110
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity—
To accuse myself—I hate you ; which I had rather
You felt than make 't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none :
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties— 120

Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base 130
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee, 139
Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio!

Enter Pisanio.

Clo. 'His garment!' Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently,—

Clo. 'His garment!'

Imo. I am sprited with a fool,
Frighted and anger'd worse: go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue

CYMBELINE

Act II. Sc. iv.

Of any king's in Europe ! I do think
 I saw 't this morning : confident I am
 Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kiss'd it : 150
 I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
 That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so : go and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*]

Clo. You have abused me :

' His meanest garment ! '

Imo. Ay, I said so, sir :

If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too :

She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*]

Clo. I'll be revenged :

' His meanest garment ! ' Well. [*Exit.* 160]

Scene IV.

Rome. Philario's house.

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir : I would I were so sure
 To win the king as I am bold her honour
 Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him ?

Post. Not any ; but abide the change of time ;
 Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
 That warmer days would come : in these fear'd hopes,
 I barely gratify your love ; they failing,
 I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness and your company
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king 10
Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius
Will do's commission throughly : and I think
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen 20
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at : their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See ! Iachimo !

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made 30
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best, or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,

CYMBELINE

Act II. Sc. iv.

And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court

When you were there ?

Iach. He was expected t' en,

But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.

Sparkles this stone as it was wont ? or is't not 40
Too dull for your good wearing ?

Iach. If I had lost it,

I should have lost the worth of it in gold.

I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy

A second night of such sweet shortness which

Was mine in Britain ; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,

Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,

Your loss your sport : I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,

If you keep covenant. Had I not brought 50

The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant

We were to question farther : but I now

Profess myself the winner of her honour,

Together with your ring, and not the wronger

Of her or you, having proceeded but

By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent

That you have tasted her in bed, my hand

And ring is yours : if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both 60
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe : whose strength
I will confirm with oath ; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching,—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman, 70
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride : a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value ; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—

Post. This is true ;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney 80
Is south the chamber ; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian bathing ; never saw I figures

CYMBELINE

Act II. Sc. iv.

So likely to report themselves : the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb ; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted : her andirons—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely 90
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour !
Let it be granted you have seen all this,—and praise
Be given to your remembrance—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Showing the bracelet.*]
Be pale : I beg but leave to air this jewel ; see !
And now 'tis up again : it must be married
To that your diamond ; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove !
Once more let me behold it : is it that
Which I left with her ?

Iach. Sir,—I thank her—that : 100
She stripp'd it from her arm ; I see her yet ;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too : she gave it me
And said she prized it once.

Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she ?

Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[*Gives the ring.*]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are made 111
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it, or
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't. Back my ring:
Render to me some corporal sign about her
More evident than this; for this was stol'n. 120

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true:—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable:—they induced to steal it!
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly,
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient: 130
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't;

CYMBELINE

Act II. Sc. iv.

She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging : by my life,
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her ?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold, 140
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more ?

Post. Spare your arithmetic ; never count the turns ;
Once, and a million !

Iach. I'll be sworn—

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't you lie,
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal !
I will go there and do't ; i' the court ; before
Her father. I'll do something— [Exit.

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience ! You have won : 150
Let's follow him and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

Scene V.

*Another room in Philario's house.**Enter Posthumus.*

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with 10
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought
her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion 20
That tends to vice in man but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc i.

Why, hers, in part or all, but rather all ;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still 30
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them : yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will :
The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

ACT THIRD

Scene I.

Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.

*Enter in state, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door,
and at another, Caius Lucius, and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us ?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it—for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds ; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, 10
Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Cæsars
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen.

That opportunity,

Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters, 20
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of 'Came, and saw, and overcame:' with shame—
The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping—
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point— 30
O gigit fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
And Britons strut with courage.

Cl. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our
kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
and, as I said, there is no moe such Cæsars:
other of them may have crooked noses, but to
owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Cl. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard 40
as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have
a hand. Why tribute? why should we pay
tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with
a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. i.

pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more
tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,

*

Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch 50
The sides o' the world, against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Clo. and Lords. We do.

Cym.

Say then to Cæsar,

Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made
our laws,

Who was the first of Britain which did put 60
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc.

I am sorry, Cymbeline,

That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath moe kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym.

Thou art welcome, Caius.

Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent 70
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;

Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek
us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in 80
our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it,
it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our
crows shall fare the better for you; and there's
an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is 'Welcome.' [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another room in the palace.

Enter Pisanio, with a letter.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser? Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:
She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-life, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were 10

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. ii.

Thy fortunes. How ! that I should murder her ?
Upon the love and truth and vows which I
Have made to thy command ? I, her ? her blood ?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to ? [*Reading*] ‘Do’t: the
letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.’ O damn’d paper !
Black as the ink that’s on thee ! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look’st 21
So virgin-like without ? Lo, here she comes.
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. How now, Pisanio !

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who ? thy lord ? that is my lord Leonatus !

O, learn’d indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters ;
He’d lay the future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contain’d relish of love, 30
Of my lord’s health, of his content, yet not
That we two are asunder ; let that grieve him :
Some griefs are medicinal ; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love : of his content,
All but in that ! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel ! Lovers
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike :
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid’s tables. Good news, gods !

[*Reads*] 'Justice, and your father's wrath, should 40
he take me in his dominion, could not be so
cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures,
would even renew me with your eyes. Take
notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven:
what your own love will out of this advise you,
follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that
remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in
love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me 51
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,—
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st
O, let me bate,—but not like me—yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond: say, and speak thick,—
Love's counsellor should fill the pores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense—how far it is 60
To this same blessed Milford: and by the way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be born or ere begot!
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis.

One score 'twixt sun and sun, 70

Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery:
Go bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She'll home to her father: and provide me presently
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here, 80
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: this
gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows
you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven !

Arv. Hail, heaven !

Bel. Now for our mountain sport : up to yond hill ! 10
Your legs are young : I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off :
And you may then revolve what tales I have told
you

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war :
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd : to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see ;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold 20
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps 'his book uncross'd : no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor unfledged,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know
not

What air's from home. Haply this life is best
If quiet life be best, sweeter to you 30
That have a sharper known, well corresponding
With your stiff age : but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance, travelling a-bed,
A prison for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you ? when we shall hear

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. iii.

The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :
We are beastly ; subtle as the fox for prey, 40
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat :
Our valour is to chase what flies ; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel.

How you speak !

Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly : the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep ; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling : the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger 50
I' the name of fame and honour, which dies i' the
search,

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act ; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure :—O boys, this story
The world may read in me : my body's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note : Cymbeline loved me ;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off : then was I as a tree 60
Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but in one
night,

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui.

Uncertain favour !

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans; so
Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my world:
Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid 71
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time. But up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language: he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king; 80
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine: and though train'd up thus
meanly

I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prize it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out 90
Into my story: say 'Thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on 's neck,' even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. iv.

That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 Once Arviragus, in as like a figure
 Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
 His own conceiving. Hark, the game is roused !
 O Cymbeline ! heaven and my conscience knows
 Thou didst unjustly banish me : whereon, 100
 At three and two years old, I stole these babes,
 Thinking to bar thee of succession as
 Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse ; they took thee for their
 mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave :
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up. [*Exit.*]

Scene IV.

Country near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
 Was near at hand : ne'er long'd my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio ! man !
 Where is Posthumus ? What is in thy mind,
 That makes thee stare thus ? Wherefore breaks that
 sigh
 From the inward of thee ? One but painted thus
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication : put thyself
 Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter ? 10
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender ? If't be summer news,

Smile to't before ; if wintry, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. My husband's hand !
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man: thy tongue
May take of some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read ;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune. 20

Imo. [*Reads*] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the
strumpet in my bed ; the testimonies whereof lie
bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak sur-
mises ; but from proof as strong as my grief,
and as certain as I expect my revenge. That
part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith
be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let
thine own hands take away her life : I shall give
thee opportunity at Milford-Haven : she hath my
letter for the purpose : where, if thou fear to 30
strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou
art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to
me disloyal.'

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword ? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander ;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world : kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave 40
This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam ?

Imo. False to his bed ! What is it to be false ?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him ?

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. iv.

To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to bed, is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks, 50
Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born where't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas, 60
Were in his time thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart: 70
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,

But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument !
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die ;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my
heart ;— 80

Something's afore't. Soft, soft ! we'll no defence ;—
Obedient as the scabbard. What is here ?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers : though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up 90
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And made me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory,
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch :
The lamb entreats the butcher : where's thy knife ?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding, 100
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. iv.

I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far, 110
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time

To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:

I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,

I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,

Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. No so, neither: 120

But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abused; some villain,
Ay, and singular in his art, hath done you both
This cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.

I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow, 130
What shall I do the while? where abide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then? *
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's
volume 140
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't;
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near 150
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. iv.

Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure !

Pis. Well then, here's the point :
You must forget to be a woman ; change
Command into obedience ; fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it pretty self—into a waggish courage ; 160
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and
As quarrelsome as the weasel ; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart !
Alack, no remedy !—to the greedy touch
• Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief :
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one. 170
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—
'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them : would you, in their serving
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy,—which you'll make him
know,
If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honourable,

And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail 181
Beginning nor supplement.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away :
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: this attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen: 191
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood: may the gods
Direct you to the best.

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Scene V.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. v.

To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir : I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.

Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you !

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office ; 10
The due of honour in no point omit.
So farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly ; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner : fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness !

[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning : but it honours us
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better ;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it. 20

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness :
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd 30
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd

The duty of the day : she looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty :
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Queen.

Royal sir,

Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her ; she's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes, 40
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym.

Where is she, sir ? How

Can her contempt be answer'd ?

Atten.

Please you, sir,

Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,

She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close ;

Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,

She should that duty leave unpaid to you,

Which daily she was bound to proffer : this

She wish'd me to make known ; but our great
court

50

Made me to blame in memory.

Cym.

Her doors lock'd ?

Not seen of late ? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false !

[*Exit.*]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. v.

I have not seen these two days.

Queen.

Go, look after.

[*Exit Cloten.*]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus !
 He hath a drug of mine ; I pray his absence
 Proceed by swallowing that ; for he believes
 It is a thing most precious. But for her,
 Where is she gone ? Haply, despair hath seized her ;
 Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown 61
 To her desired Posthumus : gone she is
 To death or to dishonour ; and my end
 Can make good use of either : she being down,
 I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son !

Clo.

'Tis certain she is fled.

Go in and cheer the king : he rages ; none
 Dare come about him.

Queen.

[*Aside*] All the better : may

This night forestall him of the coming day ! [*Exit.*]

Clo.

I love and hate her : for she's fair and royal, 70

And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
 Than lady, ladies, woman ; from every one
 The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
 Outells them all ; I love her therefore : but
 Disdaining me and throwing favours on
 The low Posthumus slanders so her judgement
 That what's else rare is choked ; and in that point
 I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
 To be revenged upon her. For when fools
 Shall—

80

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
'Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,—
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
'Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd? go
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word: no more of 'worthy lord!'
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

Clo. Let's see't. I will pursue her 100
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*Aside*] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. v.

Clo.

Hum!

Pis. [*Aside*] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. Sirrah, if
thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true
service, undergo those employments wherein I 110
should have cause to use thee with a serious
industry, that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee
do, to perform it directly and truly, I would
think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither
want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for
thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and
constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune
of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the 120
course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of
mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any
of thy late master's garments in thy posses-
sion?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging the same suit
he wore when he took leave of my lady and
mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit 130
hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask
him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—even

there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment 140 of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined—which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised—to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge. 150

Re-enter Pisanio, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow 160 it! Come, and be true. [*Exit.*]

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss: for, true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. vi.

And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his need!

[Exit.

Scene VI.

Wales: before the cave of Belarius.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told
me
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis 10
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?
Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. 20
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's here!

If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho ! No answer ? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens ! *[Exit, to the cave.]*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman and
Are master of the feast : Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant ; 'tis our match : 30
The sweat and industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come ; our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury : weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself !

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave ; we'll browse on
that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. *[Looking into the cave]* Stay ; come not in.
But that it eats our victuals, I should think 41
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir ?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel ! or, if not,
An earthly paragon ! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy !

Re-enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not :
Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. vi.

To have begg'd or bought what I have took : good
troth,

I have stol'n nought : nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat :
I would have left it on the board so soon 51

As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !

As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you're angry :
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound ?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name ? 60

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford ;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
'Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd !
'Tis almost night : you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart : and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty,
I bid for you as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort 71
He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother :

And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours : most welcome !
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers. [*Aside*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons ! then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free't !

Arv. Or I ; whate'er it be, 80
What pain it cost, what danger ! Gods !

Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them—laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes—
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods !
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.

Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in :
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have supp'd, 91
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl and morn to the lark less
welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VII.

*Rome. A public place.**Enter two Senators and Tribunes.*

First Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ :
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul ; and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar ! 10

First Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces ?

Sec. Sen.

Ay.

First Tri. Remaining now in Gallia ?

First Sen.

With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant : the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

First Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

*Wales : near the cave of Belarius.**Enter Cloten alone.*

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet,
if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his
garments serve me ! Why should his mistress,

who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as 10
well drawn as his; no less young, more strong,
not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the
advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike
conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceivable thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home 20
to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*]

Scene 11.

Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter, from the cave, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen.

Bel. [*To Imogen*] You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.

CYMBELINE

Act IV. Sc. ii.

Arv. [To Imogen] Brother, stay here :

Are we not brothers ?

Imo. So man and man should be ;

But clay and clay differs in dignity,

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting ; I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well ;

But not so citizen a wanton as

To seem to die ere sick : so please you, leave me ;

Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom

Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me 11

Cannot amend me : society is no comfort

To one not sociable : I am not very sick,

Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :

I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,

Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee ; I have spoke it :

How much the quantity, the weight as much,

As I do love my father.

Bel. What ! how ! how !

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me

In my good brother's fault : I know not why 20

I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,

Love's reason's without reason : the bier at door

And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say

'My father, not this youth.'

Bel. [Aside] O noble strain !

O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !

Cowards father cowards and base things sire base :

Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.

I'm not their father ; yet who this should be,

Doth miracle itself, loved before me.—

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell. 30

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health. So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies
I have heard!

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:

Experience, O, thou disprovest report!

The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still, heart-sick. Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*]

Gui. I could not stir him:

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. 40

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter

I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field!

We'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,

I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.

[*Exit Imogen, to the cave.*]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! he cut our roots

In characters;

And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick, 50

CYMBELINE

Act IV. Sc. ii.

And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience !
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine ! 60
Ecl. It is great morning. Come, away !—Who's there ?

Enter Cloten.

Cl. I cannot find those runagates ; that villain
Hath mock'd me : I am faint.

Bel. 'Those runagates !'
Means he not us ? I partly know him ; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws : hence !

Gui. He is but one : you and my brother search
What companies are near : pray you, away ;
Let me alone with him.

[Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.]

Cl. Soft ! What are you 70
That fly me thus ? some villain mountaineers ?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou ?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering

A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee.

Clo. Thou villain base, 80
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name, 89
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

Gui. I am sorry for't: not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise:

CYMBELINE

Act IV. Sc. ii.

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot.

Die the death:

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer.

[*Exeunt, fighting.* 100

Re-enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No companies abroad?

Arv. None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension 110
Of roaring terrors: for defect of judgement
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius with Cloten's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;

Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore, 120
With his own single hand he 'ld take us in,
Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they
grow.

And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives ? The law
Protects not us : then why should we be tender
'To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner, all himself,
For we do fear the law ? What company
Discover you abroad ?

Bel. No single soul 130

Can we set eye on ; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse, not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved,
To bring him here alone : although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head ; the which he hear-
ing—

As it is like him—might break out, and swear 140

He 'ld fetch us in ; yet is't not probable
, To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering : then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance

Come as the gods foresay it : howsoe'er,

My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him : I'll throw 't into the creek 151
Behind our rock, and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten :
That's all I reck. [Exit.

Bel. I fear 'twill be revenged :
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't ! though
valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me ! Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed : I would revenges, 159
That possible strength might meet, would seek us
through
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done :
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock ;
You and Fidele play the cooks : I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele !
I'll willingly to him : to gain his colour
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

Bel. O thou goddess,

Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st 170
 In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
 As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
 Civility not seen from other, valour
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop 180
 As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
 What Cloten's being here to us portends,
 Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Gui. Where's my brother ?
 I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
 In embassy to his mother : his body's hostage
 For his return. [*Solemn music.*]
Bel. My ingenious instrument !
 Hark, Polydore, it sounds ! But what occasion
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ? Hark !
Gui. Is he at home ?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Gui. What does he mean ? Since death of my dear'st
 mother 190
 It did not speak before. All solemn things
 Should answer solemn accidents. The matter ?
 Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
 Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
 Is Cadwal mad ?

CYMBELINE

Act IV. Sc. ii.

*Re-enter Arviragus with Imogen, as dead, bearing her
in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for !

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch, 200
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily !
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy !
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in ? Thou blessed thing !
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made ; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
How found you him ?

Arv. Stark, as you see :
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber, 210
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at ; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where ?

Arv. O' the floor ;
His arms thus leagued : I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps :
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;

With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack 220
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would
With charitable bill—O bill, sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that 230
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave!

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that 'Euriphile' must be 'Fidele.'

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee: 240
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten

CYMBELINE

Act IV. Sc. ii.

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys :
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that : though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely ;
And though you took his life as being our foe, 250
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither,
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.
[Exit Belarius.]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east ;
My father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then and remove him.

Arv. So. Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done, 260
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great ;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :

The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash, 270

Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have; 280
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight more:

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.

You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so

These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.

Come on, away: apart upon our knees.

The ground that gave them first has them again:

Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain. 290

[Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.]

Imo. *[Awaking]* Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the
way?—

I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?—

I have gone all night: faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

CYMBELINE

Act IV. Sc. ii.

But, soft! no bedfellow! O gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the body of Cloten.*]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, 300
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good
faith,

I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me: not imagined, felt.
A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh; 310
The brawns of Hercules: but his jovial face—
Murder in heaven?—How!—'Tis gone. Pisanio,
All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspired with that irregular devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas, 320
Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me!
where's that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?

'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, 330
That we the horrid may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!
[Falls on the body.]

Enter Lucius, a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia
After your will have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, 340
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't. Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision—
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west, 349

CYMBELINE

Act IV. Sc. ii.

There vanish'd in the sunbeams · which portends—
Unless my sins abuse my divination—
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.
Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one, 360
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. , I am nothing : or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas ! 370
There is no more such masters : I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou movest no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding : say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [*Aside*] If I do lie, and do

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it. Say you, sir ?

Luc. Thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same : 380

Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.

Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say

Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure,

No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters

Sent by a consul to me should not sooner

Than thine own worth prefer thee : go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep

As these poor pickaxes can dig : and when

With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his
grave 390

And on it said a century of prayers,

Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh,

And leaving so his service, follow you,

So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth ;

And rather father thee than master thee.

My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties : let us

Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,

And make him with our pikes and partisans

A grave : come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd 400

By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd

As soldiers can. Be cheerful ; wipe thine eyes :

Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

CYMBELINE

Act IV. Sc. iii.

Scene III.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, Pisanio, and Attendants.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.

[Exit an Attendant.]

A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger. Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and 10
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your high-
ness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

First Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him, 20
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.
[To Pisanio] We'll slip you for a season; but our
jealousy

Does yet depend.

First Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
I am amazed with matter.

First Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're
ready: 30
The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Away!

[*Exeunt all but Pisanio.*]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten, but remain 40
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

[*Exit.*]

Scene IV.

Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands—may drive us to a render 11
Where we have lived, and so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note, 20
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,

Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so 30
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
I and my brother are not known ; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither : what thing is it that I never
Did see man die ! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison !
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel ! I am ashamed 40
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go :
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care, but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans !

Arv. So say I : amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys !

If in your country wars you chance to die, 51
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie :
Lead, lead. [*Aside*] The time seems long : their blood
thinks scorn,
Till it fly out and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Britain. The Roman camp.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee ; for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little ! O Pisanio !
Every good servant does not all commands :
No bond but to do just ones. Gods ! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this : so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck 10
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love,
To have them fall no more : you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own : do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey ! I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom : 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress ; peace ! 20

I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose : I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant : so I'll fight
Against the part I come with ; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death : and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show. 30
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me !
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within. [Exit.

Scene II.

Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.

Enter, from one side, Lucius, Iachimo, Imogen, and the Roman Army; from the other side, the British army; Leonatus Posthumus following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood : I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengefully enfeebles me ; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession ? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before

CYMBELINE

Act V. Sc. iii.

This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. [*Exit.* 10

The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken; then enter, to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The late is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

Gui. }
Arv. } Stand, stand, and fight!

Re-enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons: they rescue Cymbeline and exeunt. Then re-enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another part of the field.

Enter Posthumus and a British Lord.

Lord. Camest thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying

Through a strait lane ; the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
 More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling 10
 Merely through fear ; that the strait pass was damm'd
 With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane ?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf ;
 Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
 An honest one, I warrant ; who deserved
 So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for's country. Athwart the lane
 He, with two striplings—lads more like to run
 The country base than to commit such slaughter ; 20
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for preservation cased, or shame—
 Made good the passage ; cried to those that fled,
 ' Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men :
 To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand ;
 Or we are Romans, and will give you that
 Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save
 But to look back in frown : stand, stand ! ' These
 three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many,—
 For three performers are the file when all 30
 The rest do nothing,—with this word ' Stand, stand,'
 Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd ; that some, turn'd
 coward

CYMBELINE

Act V. Sc. iii.

But by example,—O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners!—'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon 40
 A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made: and now our
 cowards,
 Like fragments in hard voyages, became
 The life o' the need: having found the back-door
 open
 Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
 Some slain before, some dying, some their friends
 O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten chased by one
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those that would die or ere resist are grown 50
 The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
 A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
 And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
 'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane,'

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
 Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend; 60
 For if he'll do as he is made to do,
 I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell ; you're angry. [*Exit.*]

Post. Still going ? This is a lord ! O noble misery !

To be i' the field, and ask ' what news ? ' of me !

To-day how many would have given their honours

To have saved their carcasses ! took heel to do 't,

And yet died too ! I, in mine own woe charm'd,

Could not find death where I did hear him groan,

Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly
monster, 70

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,

Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we

That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find
him :

For being now a favourer to the Briton,

No more a Briton, I have resumed again

The part I came in : fight I will no more,

But yield me to the veriest hind that shall

Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

Here made by the Roman ; great the answer be

Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death : 80

On either side I come to spend my breath,

Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,

But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

First Cap. Great Jupiter be praised ! Lucius is taken :

'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,

That gave the affront with them.

First Cap. So 'tis reported :

But none of 'em can be found. Stand ! who's there ?

Post. A Roman ;

CYMBELINE

Act V. Sc. iv.

Who had not now been drooping here if seconds 90
Had answer'd him.

Sec. Cap. Lay hands on him ; a dog !
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his
service
As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio,
and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus
to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler : then
exeunt omnes.*

Scene IV.

A British prison.

Enter Posthumus and two Gaolers.

First Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks
upon you :

So graze as you find pasture.

Sec. Gaol. ' Ay, or a stomach.

[Exeunt Gaolers.]

Post. Most welcome, bondage ! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty : yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout ; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cured
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art
fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists : you good gods,
give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, 10
Then, free for ever ! Is 't enough I am sorry ?

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw ?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law :
Whose father then—as men report
Thou orphans' father art— 40
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes ;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity !

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise o' the world, 50
As great Sicilius' heir.

First Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity ?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd
To be exiled, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast 60
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen ?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,

To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy ;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villany ?

Sec. Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain,
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

70

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd :
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due ;
Being all to dolours turn'd ?

80

Sici. Thy crystal window ope ; look out ;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help ;
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity.

90

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

CYMBELINE

Act V. Sc. iv.

*Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle :
he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing ; hush ! How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers :
Be not with mortal accidents oppress ;
No care of yours it is ; you know 'tis ours. 100
Whom best I love I cross ; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content ;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift :
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine : 110
And so away : no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder ; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell : the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us : his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields : his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing and cloyes his beak,
As when his god is pleased.

All.

Thanks, Jupiter !

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd 120
His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[The Ghosts vanish.]

Post. *[Waking]* Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: but, O scorn!
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve, 130
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[Reads] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to
himself unknown, without seeking find, and be
embraced by a piece of tender air, and when from 140
a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which,
being dead many years, shall after revive, be
jointed to the old stock and freshly grow, then
shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be
fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such

As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which 150
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

First Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

First Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready
for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators,
the dish pays the shot.

First Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the
comfort is, you shall be called to no more pay-
ments, fear no more tavern-bills; which are 160
often the sadness of parting, as the procuring
of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat,
depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that
you have paid too much, and sorry that you are
paid too much; purse and brain both empty, the
brain the heavier for being too light, the purse
too light, being drawn of heaviness: of this con-
tradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of
a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice:
you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of 170
what's past, is, and to come, the discharge: your
neck, sir, is pen, book and counters; so the
acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

First Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the
toothache: but a man that were to sleep your
sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I
think he would change places with his officer;

for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

180

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

First Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as 190 wink and will not use them.

First Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news, I am called to be made free.

First Gaol. I'll be hanged then.

200

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. *[Exeunt all but First Gaoler.]*

First Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there

CYMBELINE

Act V. Sc. v. •

were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I 210
speak against my present profit, but my wish
hath a preferment in 't [Exit.

Scene V.

Cymbeline's tent.

*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus,
Pisano, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found :
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing ;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him? 10

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward ; [*To Belarius, Guiderius,
and Arviragus*] which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are : report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,

Unless I add we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.

Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates. 20

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's business in these faces. Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too? How ended she? 30

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this; 40
And, but she spoke in dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love

CYMBELINE

Act V. Sc. v.

With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend !

Who is't can read a woman ? Is there more ?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral ; which, being took, 50
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering
By inches waste you : in which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown :
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected ; so 60
Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?

Ladies. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful,
Mine ears that heard her flattery, nor my heart
That thought her like her seeming ; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, the Soothsayer, and other Roman
Prisoners, guarded ; Posthumus behind, and Imogen.*

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute ; that

The Britons have razed out, though with the loss 70
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war : the day
Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth 80
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :
Augustus lives to think on't : and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat ; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd : never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like : let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold your highness
Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm, 90
Though he have served a Roman : save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him :
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy : ne'er thank thy master ; live :
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it ;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,

CYMBELINE

Act V. Sc. v. •

The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness. 100

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no : alack,
There's other work in hand : I see a thing
Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me : briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy ?
I love thee more and more : think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ?
speak, 110
Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your
vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eyest him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page ;
I'll be thy master : walk with me ; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*]

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death ?

Arv. One sand another 120

Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you ?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace ! see further ; he eyes us not ; forbear ;
Creatures may be alike : were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent ; let's see further.

Pis. [*Aside*] It is my mistress :

Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad. [*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side ;

Make thy demand aloud. [*To Iachimo*] Sir, step you
forth ; 130

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely ;
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [*Aside*] What's that to him ?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours ?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How ! me ? 140

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring : 'twas Leonatus' jewel ;
Whom thou didst banish ; and—which more may
grieve thee,
As it doth me,—a nobler sir ne'er lived

CYMBELINE

Act V. Sc. v.

'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood and my false spirits
Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter? what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will 151
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accurst
The mansion where!—'twas at a feast,—O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heaved to head!—the good Pos-
thumus,—

What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones—sitting sadly, 160
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye—

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus,
Most like a noble lord in love and one 171
That had a royal lover, took his hint,

And not dispraising whom we praised,—therein
He was as calm as virtue—he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being
made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams, 180

And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain

In suit the place of's bed and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident

Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it 190
Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain

Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
Remember me at court; where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate

Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with similar proof enough 200
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown

With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—
O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
Methinks I see him now—

Post. [Advancing] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool, 210
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lie;
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple 220
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villany less than 'twas! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [Striking her: she falls.]

Pis. O, gentlemen, help! 229
Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!

Mine honour'd lady !

Cym. Does the world go round ?

Post. How came these staggers on me ?

Pis. Wake, my mistress !

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress ?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight ;
Thou gavest me poison : dangerous fellow, hence !
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen !

Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if 240
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing : I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still ?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods !
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest : ' If Pisanio
Have,' said she, ' given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat.'

Cym. What's this, Cornelius ?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me 250
To temper poisons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem : I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en would cease
The present power of life, but in short time

CYMBELINE

Act V. Sc. v.

All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it ?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele. 260

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you ?

Think that you are upon a rock, and now

Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,

Till the tree die !

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child !

What, makest thou me a dullard in this act ?

Wilt thou not speak to me ?

Imo. [*Kneeling*] Your blessing, sir.

Bel. [*To Gui. and Arv.*] Though you did love this youth,

I blame ye not ;

You had a motive for 't.

Cym. My tears that fall

Prove holy water on thee ! Imogen,

Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord. 270

Cym. O, she was naught ; and long of her it was

That we meet here so strangely : but her son

Is gone, we know not how nor where.

Pis. My lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,

Upon my lady's missing, came to me

With his sword drawn ; foam'd at the mouth, and

swore,

If I discovered not which way she was gone,

It was my instant death. By accident,

I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket ; which directed him 280
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford ;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour : what became of him
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story :
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forbend !
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence : prithee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it. 290

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most incivil one : the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me : I cut off's head ;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee :
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law : thou 'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender, 300
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king :
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself, and hath

CYMBELINE

Act V. Sc. v. .

More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. [*To the Guard*] Let his arms
alone ;
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we ?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.

Bel. We will die all three : 310

But I will prove that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him. My sons, I must
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.

Arv. Your danger 's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave.

Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assumed this age, indeed a banish'd man ;
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence : 320
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot :
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons ;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons !

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy : here 's my knee :
Ere I arise I will prefer my sons ;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father
And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege, 330
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How ! my issue !
Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd :
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason : that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years
Have I train'd up : those arts they have as I
Could put into them ; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile, 340
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment : I moved her to 't,
Having received the punishment before
For that which I did then : beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason : their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again ; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens 350
Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children :

CYMBELINE

Act V. Sc. v. '

If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased awhile.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd 360
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It is a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I?
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be, 370
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting loved,

Continued so, until we thought he died. 380

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct !

When shall I hear all through ? This fierce abridge-
ment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where ? how lived
you ?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive ?
How parted with your brothers ? how first met them ?
Why fled you from the court ? and whither ? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded ;
And all the other by-dependances, 390

From chance to chance : but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,

Posthumus anchors upon Imogen ;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy : the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.

[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother ; so we'll hold
thee ever.

Imo. You are my father too ; and did relieve me, 400
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds : let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you !

CYMBELINE

Act V. Sc. v.

Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomed this place and graced
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he, 410
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. [*Kneeling*] I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd! 420
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing 430
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can

Make no collection of it : let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus !

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to
himself unknown, without seeking find, and be
embraced by a piece of tender air, and when
from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches,
which, being dead many years, shall after revive,
be jointed to the old stock and freshly grow, 440
then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be
fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp ;

The fit and apt construction of thy name,

Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.

[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous
daughter,

Which we call 'mollis aer ;' and 'mollis aer'

We term it 'mulier' : which 'mulier' I divine

Is this most constant wife ; who even now,

Answering the letter of the oracle,

Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about 450

With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,

Personates thee : and thy lopp'd branches point

Thy two sons forth ; who, by Belarius stol'n,

For many years thought dead, are now revived,

To the most majestic cedar join'd, whose issue

Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym.

Well ;

My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar 460
And to the Roman empire, promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
Whom heavens in justice both on her and hers
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd ; for the Roman eagle, 470
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd : which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

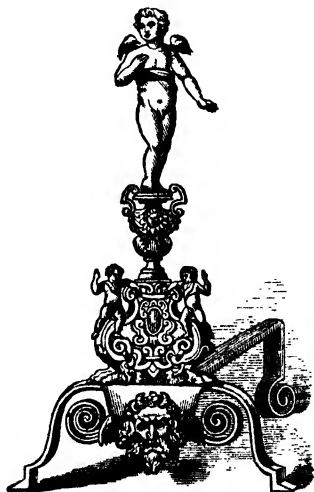
Cym. Laud we the gods ;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward : let
A Roman and a British ensign wave 480
Friendly together : so through Lud's town march ;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.
Set on there ! Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

Glossary.

Abode; "desire my man's a," i.e. bid my servant to stay; I. vi. 53.
Absolute, absolutely certain, positive; IV. ii. 106.
Abuse, deceive; I. vi. 131; IV. ii. 351.
Abused, deceived; I. iv. 120; III. iv. 105.
Act, action, operation; I. v. 22.
Action, state, course; V. iv. 150.
Adjourn'd, deferred; V. iv. 78.
Admiration, wonder, astonishment; I. iv. 5; I. vi. 38.
 —, veneration and wonder; IV. ii. 232.
Adorer, idolator; I. iv. 72.
Adventure, run the risk; III. iv. 156.
Adventured, dared, ventured; I. vi. 172.
Advice; "best a.," deliberate consideration; I. i. 156.
Afraid, afraid; IV. ii. 94.
Affected, loved; V. v. 38.
Affiance, fidelity; I. vi. 163.
Affirmation; "bloody a.," "sealing the truth with his blood"; I. iv. 62.
Affront; "gave the a.," confronted the enemy; V. iii. 87.
 —, confront; IV. iii. 29.
Afric, Africa; I. i. 167.
After, afterwards; I. v. 80; I. vi. 50; II. iii. 18.
 —, according to; IV. ii. 334.
After-eye, look after; I. iii. 16.
Air's from, air there is away from; III. iii. 29.
Albeit, although; II. iii. 60.
Allow'd, acknowledged; III. iii. 17.
Amazed, confused; IV. iii. 28.

Amend, make better; V. v. 216.
Ancient, old, aged; V. iii. 15.
Andirons, irons at the side of the fire-place; II. iv. 88.



From an Italian specimen formerly in the palace of Count Brancalone.

Annoy, harm; IV. iii. 34.
Answer, punishment; IV. iv. 13.
 —, return, retaliation; V. iii. 79.
 —, correspond to; IV. ii. 192.
Answer'd him, done like him; V. iii. 91.
Ape, mimic, imitator; II. ii. 31.
Apparent, plain, evident; II. iv. 56.

Apprehension, conception; IV. ii. 110.
Approbation, attestation; I. iv. 130.
Approve, prove; IV. ii. 380; V. v. 245.
Approvers; "their a.," those who make trial of their courage; II. iv. 25.
Arabian bird, the phœnix; I. vi. 17.
Arm, take up into the arms; IV. ii. 400.
Arras, hangings of tapestry; II. ii. 26.
As, for; I. vi. 130.
 —, like; II. iv. 84.
 —, as if; IV. ii. 50; V. ii. 16; V. iv. 116.
Assumed, put on; V. v. 319.
At, on; III. iv. 193.
Atone, reconcile; I. iv. 41.
Attainable, open to temptation; I. iv. 63.
Attended, listened to; I. vi. 142.
Attending, doing service; III. iii. 22.
 —, awaiting; V. iv. 38.
Averring, alleging; V. v. 203.
Avoid! begone! away!; I. i. 125.
Back'd, seated upon the back of; V. v. 427.
Base, a game in which the quickest runner is the winner; V. iii. 20.
Basilisk, the fabulous monster whose look was supposed to strike the beholder with death; II. iv. 107.
Bate, beat down, deduct; III. ii. 56.
Bay, bark at; V. v. 223.

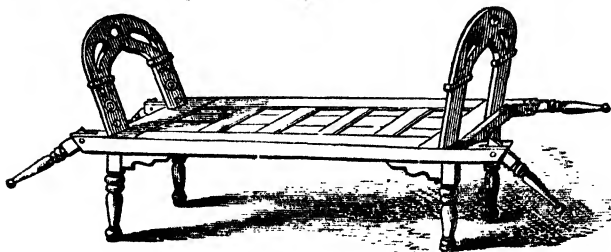
Beastly, like beasts; III. iii. 40; V. iii. 27.
Becomed, become; V. v. 406.



Basilisk.

From an illuminated MS. of XIVth cent.

Behalf; "in the clock's b.," i.e. doing the service of a clock; III. ii. 75.
Belch from, vomit from; III. v. 137.
Bent, cast, look; I. i. 13.
Beseech, I beseech; I. i. 153.
Beseeming, appearance; V. v. 409.
Betid, happened; (Folios, "betide"); IV. iii. 40.
Be what it is; let it be what it may; V. iv. 149.
Beyond nature, which are immortal; V. v. 165.
Bier; IV. ii. 22. (See illustration.)

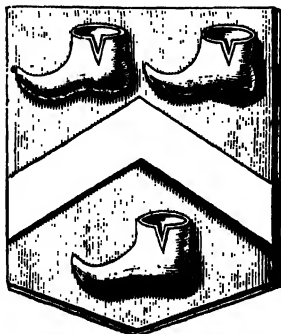


From an early XVIIth century specimen, till recently preserved at the Church of St Nicholas, Gloucester.

Glossary

CYMBELINE

Bloods, temperaments; I. i. 1.
Bold, sure, confident; II. iv. 2.
Bondage, obligation; II. iv. 111.
Book, tablet; V. iv. 133. (See Notes.)
Boot; "to b.," in addition; I. v. 69;
 II. iii. 34.
Bore in hand, falsely pretended,
 abused with false hopes; V. v. 43.
Bow, makes to bow; III. iii. 3.
 —, stoop in entering; III. iii. 83.
Brain not, do not understand; V. iv.
 147.
Brands, torches; II. iv. 91.
Bravely, well; II. ii. 15.
Bravery, "state of defiance"; III.
 i. 18.
Brawns, arms; IV. ii. 311.
Breeding, life; V. iii. 17.
Bring, accompany, escort; I. i. 171.
Brogues, thick shoes; IV. ii. 214.



The arms of the old Irish family of
 Arthure.

Bugs, bugbears; V. iii. 51.
But, except, without; V. v. 311.
By, from; II. iv. 77, 78; III. v. 58.
By-dependances, accessory circum-
 stances; V. v. 390.
By-perping, looking aside, side-long
 glances; (Johnson conj., adopted
 by Steevens, 1773, "lye peeping";

Collier MS., "bo-peeping"; Keight-
 ley, "bide peeping"; &c., &c.); I.
 vi. 108.

Calves'-guts, fiddle-strings; II. iii. 32.
Capon, perhaps used quibblingly for
 "cap on," i.e. "with a coxcomb";
 II. i. 25.
Carl, churl, peasant; V. ii. 4.
Carriage; "your c.," carrying you
 off; III. iv. 190.
Cased, covered; V. iii. 22.
Cave, live in a cave; IV. ii. 138.
Cave-keeper, one who lives in a cave;
 IV. ii. 298.
Century, hundred; IV. ii. 391.
Certainty, certain results; IV. iv. 27.
Chaffless, without chaff; I. vi. 178.
Chance, event, circumstance; V. v.
 391.
Change you, do you change colour;
 I. vi. 11.
Characters, handwriting; III. ii. 28.
 —, letters; IV. ii. 49.
Charge, burden, take hold of; III.
 iv. 44.
Charm'd, made invulnerable; V. iii.
 68.
Charming, having magical, protect-
 ing power; I. iii. 35.
 —; "more c.," i.e. charming
 more, bewitching others more;
 V. iii. 32.
Check, reproof; III. iii. 22.
Cinque-spotted, with five spots; II.
 ii. 38.
Circumstances, details, particulars;
 II. iv. 62.
Citizen, cockney-bred, effeminate;
 IV. ii. 8.
Civil, civilized; III. vi. 23.
Clean, altogether; III. vi. 20.
Clipp'd, surrounded, encircled; II.
 iii. 139.
Clipp'd about, embraced; V. v. 451.
Close, secret; III. v. 85.
Closet, private chamber; I. v. 84.
Cloth, dress, livery; II. iii. 128.
Clotpoll, head; IV. ii. 184.

Clouted brogues, hob-nailed boots; IV. ii. 214.

Cloys, strokes with his claws; V. iv. 118.

Cognizance, visible token; II. iv. 127.

Collection of, inference from; V. v. 432.

Colour; "against all c.," contrary to all appearance of right; III. i. 51.

Colours; "under her c.," i.e. "under her banner, by her influence"; I. iv. 20.

Comfort, happiness, joy; V. v. 403.

Consummation, end, death; IV. ii. 280.

Containing; "whose c.," the contents of which; V. v. 430.

Content thee, trouble not thyself about it; I. v. 26.

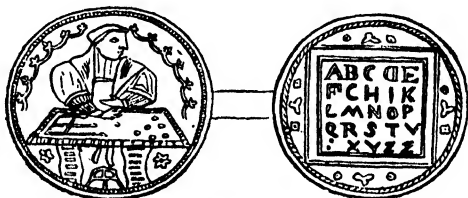
Convey'd, stolen; I. i. 63.

Convince, overcome; I. iv. 101.

Cordial, reviving to the spirits; I. v. 64.

Counterchange, exchange; V. v. 396.

Counters, round pieces of metal used in calculations; V. iv. 174.



From an engraving in Knight's *Pictorial Shakespeare*.

Common-kissing, kissing anything and everything; III. iv. 166.

Companion, fellow; (used contemptuously); II. i. 28.

Company, accompany; V. v. 408.

Comparative for, comparing with; II. iii. 133.

Conclusions, experiments; I. v. 18.

Condition, character; V. v. 165.

Conduct, escort, safe-conduct; III. v. 8.

Confections, composition of drugs; I. v. 15; V. v. 246.

Confident; "three thousand c.," with the confidence of three thousand; V. iii. 29.

Confiners, borderers; IV. ii. 337.

Confounded, destroyed; I. iv. 53.

Consequence, succession; II. iii. 125.

Consider, pay, reward; II. iii. 31.

—, take into consideration; V. v. 28.

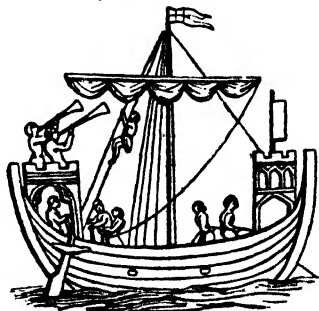
Constant-qualified, faithful; I. iv. 63.

Construction, interpretation; V. v. 433.

Crack'd, blustered, bragged; V. v. 177.

—, broken; V. v. 207.

Crare, skiff, a small vessel; (Simpson's conj., adopted by Steevens; Folios, "rare"; Warburton, adopted by Theobald, "carrack"; Hanmer, "carack"); IV. ii. 205.



From an illuminated MS. of XVth cent.

Glossary

CYMBELINE

Crescent, increasing, growing; I. iv. 2.

Crop, harvest, produce; I. vi. 33.

Curb'd, restrained; II. iii. 124.

Curious, careful; I. vi. 191.

Cutter, sculptor; II. iv. 83.

Cydnus, a river in Cilicia; II. iv. 71.

Cytherea, Venus; II. ii. 14.

Damm'd, stopped up; V. iii. 11.

Dark, mean, obscure; III. iv. 147.

Dear, deeply felt; V. v. 345.

Debitor and creditor, account book; V. iv. 171.

Decay, destroy; I. v. 56.

Defect; "d. of judgement," i.e. "the defective use of judgement" (Ingleby); IV. ii. 111.

Definite, resolute; I. vi. 43.

Delicate, alluring; (?) ingenious, artful; V. v. 47.

Delighted, delightful; V. iv. 102.

Depend, impend, remain in suspense; IV. iii. 23.

Depending, resting, leaning; II. iv. 91.

Desperate; "upon a d. bed," dangerously ill; IV. iii. 6.

Despite; "in my d.," in defiance of me; IV. i. 16.

Die the death, die a violent death; IV. ii. 96.

Differing multitudes, wavering multitudes, fickle mobs; III. vi. 86.

Discover, disclose, confess; I. vi. 98; III. v. 95.

Disceded, surfeited; III. iv. 96.

Dismission, rejection, dismissal; II. iii. 56.

Doom'd, decided; V. v. 420.

Doubling, suspecting that; I. v. 95.

Drawn, tapped, emptied; V. iv. 168.

Drawn to head, gathered together, levied; III. v. 25.

Drug-damn'd, detested for its drugs and poisons; III. iv. 15.

Earnest, money paid beforehand as a pledge; I. v. 65.

Elder, elder-tree; IV. ii. 59.

Elder, i.e. later, of more recent date; V. i. 14.

Elected, chosen; III. iv. 112.

Election, choice; I. ii. 30.

Empery, empire; I. vi. 120.

Enchafed, enraged; IV. ii. 174.

Encounter, meet; I. iii. 32.

—, meet with; I. vi. 112.

Ended, died; V. v. 30.

Enforce, force, compel; IV. iii. 11.

Enforced, forced; IV. i. 19.

Enlargement, liberty; II. iii. 125.

Entertain, take into service; IV. ii. 394.

Estate, state, condition; V. v. 74.

Even, keep pace with, profit by; III. iv. 184.

—, just; III. vi. 16.

Event, issue, result; III. v. 14.

Ever, ever ready; I. iv. 38.

Exhibition, allowance; I. vi. 122.

Exorciser, conjurer; IV. ii. 276.

Extend; "to e. him," i.e. to increase his reputation; I. iv. 21.

—; "I do e. him within himself," i.e. I praise him not more, but even less, than he deserves; I. i. 25.

Extremity, cruelty; III. iv. 17.

Fail, fault, offence; (Upton conj. "fall"); III. iv. 66.

Fairies, evil fairies; II. ii. 9.

Fall'n-off, revolted; III. vii. 6.

False, turn false; II. iii. 73.

Fan, winnow, test; I. vi. 177.

Fangled, gaudily ornamented; V. iv. 134.

Far; "speak him f.," praise him highly; (Folios 3. 4, "fair"); I. i. 24.

Fast, fasted; (Folios 2. 3, 4, "feast"; Hanmer, "fasting"; &c.); IV. ii. 347.

Fatherly, in a fatherly way; II. iii. 38.

Favour, beauty, charm; I. vi. 42.

Favour, external appearance; IV. ii.

104.

—, countenance; V. v. 93.

Fear, fear for; I. iv. 104.

Fear'd, mixed with fear; (Tyr-whitt conj., adopted by Knight, "sear'd"; Hudson, "sere"; Elze, conj. "dear"; &c., &c.); II. iv. 6.

Fearful, full of fear; III. iv. 45.

Feat, dexterous, neat; V. v. 88.

Feated, fashioned; (Rowe, "feat-ur'd"); Johnson, "feared"; I. i. 49.

Feature, shape, exterior; V. v. 163.

Fell, cruel; IV. ii. 109.

Fellow, equals in rank; III. iv. 93.

Feodary, accomplice; III. ii. 21.

Fetch, take; I. i. 81.

Fetch in, take, capture; IV. ii. 141.

Fit, ready; III. iv. 171.

Fitment, equipment; V. v. 409.

Fits, befits; III. v. 22.

Fitted, prepared; V. v. 55.

Fitting, befitting, becoming; V. v. 98.

Foot, kick; III. v. 149.

For, as for; II. iii. 116; V. iii. 80.

—, fit for. only worthy of; II. iii. 127.

—, because; III. iv. 54; IV. ii. 129.

—, for want of; III. vi. 17.

For all, once for all; II. iii. 110.

Fore-end, earlier part; III. iii. 73.

Forsopt, previously bestowed; II. iii. 63.

Forestall, deprive; III. v. 69.

Fore-thinking, fore-seeing, anticipating; III. iv. 171.

Forfeited, those who forfeit their bonds; III. ii. 38.

Forfend, forbid; V. v. 287.

Forlorn, lost, not to be found; V. v. 405.

Foundations, "quibbling between fixed places and charitable institutions" (Schmidt); III. vi. 7.

Fragments, scraps, remnants of food; V. iii. 44.

Frame to, conform; II. iii. 50.

Franchise, free exercise; III. i. 57.

Franklin, yeoman; III. ii. 79.

Fraught, burden; I. i. 126.

Freeness, generosity; V. v. 421.

Fretted, ornamented, embossed; II. iv. 88.

Friend, lover; I. iv. 72.

—; "to fr.," for my friend; I. iv. 112.

Friendly, in a friendly manner; V. v. 481.

Frighted, affrighted, frightened; II. iii. 144.

From, away from; I. iv. 17.

—, far from; V. v. 431.

Full-hearted, full of courage and confidence; V. iii. 7.

Fumes, delusions; IV. ii. 301.

Furnaces, gives forth like a furnace; I. vi. 66.

Gain; "g. his colour," i.e. "to restore him to health"; IV. ii. 167.

Gallowws, gallows; V. iv. 210.

'Gan, began; V. iii. 37.

Geck, dupe; V. iv. 67.

Gentle, of gentle birth; IV. ii. 39.

Giglot, false, wanton; III. i. 31.

'Gins, begins; II. iii. 22.

Give me leave, pardon me; V. v. 149.

Given out, reported, made out; V. v. 312.

Go back, succumb, give way; I. iv. 110.

Go before, excel; V. ii. 8.

Go even, accord; I. iv. 46.

Gordian knot, the celebrated knot, untied by Alexander; II. ii. 34.

Great court, important court business; III. v. 50.

Great morning, broad day; IV. ii. 61.

Guise, practice; V. i. 32.

Gyves, fetters; V. iv. 14.

Habits, garments; V. i. 30.

Hand-fut, marriage engagement; I. v. 78.

Glossary

CYMBELINE

Hangings, hanging fruit; III. iii. 63.
Haply, perhaps; III. iii. 29; IV. i. 21.

Happy, skilful, gifted; III. iv. 177.
Harder, too hard; III. iv. 164.
Hardiment, boldness, bravery; V. iv. 75.

Hardiness, hardihood, bravery; III. vi. 22.
Hardness, hardship, want; III. vi. 21.
Have at it, I'll tell my story; V. v. 315.

Have with you!, Take me with you!; IV. iv. 50.

Having, possessions; I. ii. 19.
Haviour, behaviour; III. iv. 9.
Head, armed force; IV. ii. 139.

Heaved to head, raised to my lips; V. v. 157.

Hecuba, the wife of Priam; IV. ii. 313.

Herblets, small herbs; IV. ii. 287.
Hie thee, hasten; II. iii. 142.
Hiding, mean wretch; II. iii. 127.

Hind, boor, serf; V. iii. 77.
Hold, fastness; III. vi. 18.
Help, did help; V. v. 422.

Home, thoroughly; III. v. 92.
Horse-hairs, fiddle-bow; II. iii. 32.

How much, however much; IV. ii. 17.
Hunt, game taken in the chase; III. vi. 90.

Ignorant, silly, inexperienced; III. i. 27.

Imperceiverant, dull of perception; (Folios, "*imperseuerant*"—probably the correct reading; Hanmer, "*ill-perseuerant*") ; IV. i. 15.

Imperious, imperial; IV. ii. 35.
Importance, import, occasion; I. iv. 44.

Importantly, with matters of such importance; IV. iv. 19.

In, into; III. vi. 64.
Incivil, uncivil; V. v. 292.
Injurious, malicious, unjust; III. i. 48.

Injurious, insulting, insolent; IV. ii. 86.

Instruct, inform; IV. ii. 360.
Insultment, insult; III. v. 145.
Into, unto; I. vi. 167.

Irregularous, lawless, unprincipled; IV. ii. 315.

Is, is in existence; I. iv. 79.
Issues, deeds, actions; II. i. 50.
It, its; III. iv. 160.

Jack, a small bowl at which the players aimed in the game of bowls; "to kiss the jack" is to have touched the jack, and to be in excellent position; II. i. 2.

Jack-slave, lowborn fellow; (a term of contempt); II. i. 21.

Jay, a loose woman; a term of reproach; III. iv. 51.

Jealousy, suspicion; IV. iii. 22.
Jet, strut; III. iii. 5.

Join; "j. his honour," i.e. "gave his noble aid"; I. i. 29.

Journal, diurnal, daily; IV. ii. 10.

Jove's-bird, the Roman eagle; IV. ii. 348. (See illustration.)



From a coin of Domitian.

Jovial; "our J. star"; (in the old astrology, Jupiter was "the joy-fullest star, and of the happiest augury of all," hence propitious, kindly); V. iv. 105.

Jovial, Jove-like; IV. ii. 311.
Joy'd, rejoiced; V. v. 424.

CYMBELINE

Glossary

Jump, risk; V. iv. 186.

Justicer, judge; V. v. 214.

Keep house, stay at home; III. iii. 1.

Ken; "within a k," within sight; III. vi. 6.

Kitchen-trulls, kitchen-maids; V. v. 177.

Knowing, knowledge; I. iv. 30; II. iii. 101.

Known together, been acquainted with each other; I. iv. 36.

Label, tablet; V. v. 430.

Laboursome, elaborate; III. iv. 167.

Lady; "my good l.," (?) friend; used ironically; II. iii. 157.

Laming, crippling; V. v. 163.

Lapp'd, wrapped, enfolded; V. v. 360.

Late, lately; I. i. 6; II. ii. 44.

Laud we, let us praise; V. v. 476.

Lay, wager; I. iv. 154.

Lay the heaven on, corrupt and deprave; III. iv. 64.

Lean'd unto, bowed to, submitted to; I. i. 78.

Leans, is about to fall; I. v. 58.

Learn'd, taught; I. v. 12.

Leave; "by l.," with your permission; V. v. 315.

Leave, leave off, cease; I. iv. 106.

Left, left off; I. iii. 15.

—, left off reading; II. ii. 4.

Less; "without l.," without more, with less (probably to be explained as a double negative); I. iv. 23.

Let blood, let suffer, perish; IV. ii. 168.

Liggers, ambassadors (Folios, "Leidgers"); I. v. 80.

Like, equal; I. i. 21; V. v. 75.

—, the same; IV. ii. 237.

—, likely; II. iv. 16.

—, equally, III. iii. 41.

Limb-meal, limb from limb; II. iv. 147.

Line, fill with gold; II. iii. 71.

Long of, through, owing to; V. v. 271.

Looks us, seems to us; III. v. 32.

Lucina, the goddess of childbirth; V. iv. 43.

Lud's town, the old name of London; III. i. 32.

Madd'd, maddened; IV. ii. 313.

Madding, maddening, making mad; II. ii. 37.

Made finish, put an end to; V. v. 412.

Makes, produces, causes; I. vi. 38.

Martial, resembling Mars; IV. ii. 310.

Mary-buds, marigolds; II. iii. 25.

Match, arrangement; III. vi. 30.

Matter, business; IV. iii. 28.

Mean affairs, ordinary affairs; III. ii. 52.

Means; "your m.," as to your means; III. iv. 180.

Mercurial; "foot m.," i.e. "light and nimble like that of Mercury"; IV. ii. 310.

Merc, utter; IV. i. 92.

Mere, only; V. v. 334.

Mineral, poison; V. v. 50.

Minion, darling, favourite; II. iii. 45.

Misery; "noble m.," miserable nobility; V. iii. 64.

Moe, more; III. i. 36.

Moiety, half; I. iv. 114.

Mortal, deadly, fatal; I. iv. 43.

Motion, impulse; II. v. 20.

Motives; "your three m.," the motives of you three; V. v. 388.

Move, induce; I. i. 103.

Moved, incited, instigated; V. v. 342.

Mows, grimaces, wry faces; I. vi. 41.

Mulier (fancifully derived from "mollis aer"); V. v. 447.

Mutest, most silent; I. vi. 116.

Naught, wicked; V. v. 271.

Neat-herd, keeper of cattle; I. i. 149.

Nice, capricious; II. v. 26.

- Niceness*, coyness; III. iv. 158.
Nonpareil, paragon; II. v. 8.
North, north-wind; I. iii. 36.
Note, reputation; I. iv. 2.
 —, list; (?) "prescription, receipt"; I. v. 2.
 —, eminence; II. iii. 126.
 —, notice, attention; IV. iii. 44.
 —, "our n.," taking notice of us; IV. iv. 20.
 —, take note, notice; II. ii. 24.
Nothing, not at all; I. iv. 103.
Nothing-gift, gift of no value; III. vi. 86.
Now, just now; V. iii. 74.
Number'd, abundantly provided; I. vi. 36.
Occasions; "over his o.," (?) = "in regard to what was required"; according to some, "beyond what was required"; V. v. 87.
'Ods pittikins, a petty oath; IV. ii. 293.
O'ergrown, overgrown with hair and beard; IV. iv. 33.
Of, with; I. vi. 150.
 —, on; II. iii. 118; IV. iv. 48.
 —, by; II. iii. 137; III. vi. 55; IV. iv. 22; V. v. 346.
 —, over; IV. i. 23.
 —, about, in praise of; V. v. 177.
Offer'd; "o. mercy," (?) pardon granted (but coming too late); I. iii. 4.
On, of; I. v. 75; III. iv. 43; IV. ii. 198.
On's, of us; (Folio 1, "one's"; Steevens, "of us"; Vaughan conj. "o' us"); V. v. 311.
On't, of it; I. i. 164; V. ii. 3.
Open'd, disclosed; V. v. 58.
Operate, to set to work, to be active; V. v. 197.
Or, before; II. iv. 14.
Orbs, orbits; V. v. 371.
Order'd; "more o.," better regulated and disciplined; II. iv. 21.
Orderly, proper; II. iii. 51.
Ordinance, what is ordained; IV. ii. 145.
Or ere, before; III. ii. 67.
 —, rather than; V. iii. 50.
Out-peer, excel; III. vi. 87.
Outsell, exceed in value; II. iv. 102.
Outsells, outvalues, is superior to; III. v. 74.
Outstood, overstay'd; I. vi. 207.
Outward, external appearance; I. i. 23.
Overbuys, pays too dear a price; I. i. 146.
Owe, own; III. i. 38.
Packing, running off; (?) plotting; III. v. 80.
Paid, punished; IV. ii. 246.
Paled in, surrounded; III. i. 19.
Pandur, accomplice; III. iv. 32.
Pang'd, pained; III. iv. 98.
Paniler, keeper of the pantry; II. iii. 128.
Paragon, pattern, model; III. vi. 44.
Part; "for mine own p.," for myself; V. v. 313.
Parted, departed; III. vi. 52.
Partisan, halberd; IV. ii. 399.
Parts, endowments; III. v. 71.
Passable, affording free passage; I. ii. 10.
Passage, occurrence; III. iv. 94.
Peculiar, own particular, private; V. v. 83.
Peevish, foolish; I. vi. 54.
Penetrate, touch; II. iii. 14.
Penitent, repentant; V. iv. 10.
Perfect; "I am p.," I am perfectly well aware, I well know; III. i. 73.
 —, perfectly well aware; IV. ii. 118.
Perforce, by force; III. i. 72.
Pervert, averted; II. iv. 151.
Pinch, pain, pang; I. i. 130.
Pleaseth, if it please; I. v. 5.
Point; "at p.," on the point of; III. i. 30; III. vi. 17.
Point forth, indicate; V. v. 454.

CYMBELINE

Glossary.

Post, hasten; V. v. 192.
Posting, hurrying; III. iv. 38.
Postures, shapes, forms; V. v. 165.
Powers, armed forces; III. v. 24.
Practice, plot, stratagem; V. v. 199.
Prefer, recommend; II. iii. 50; IV. ii. 386.
 —, promote; V. v. 326.
Preferment, promotion; V. iv. 212.
Pregnant, evident; IV. ii. 325.
Presently, immediately; II. iii. 142.
Pretty, fair, advantageous; III. iv. 150.
Prides, (?) ostentatious attire; II. v. 25.
Priest, priestess; I. vi. 133.
Prince, play the prince; III. iii. 85.
Prize, value; (Hammer. "price"; Vaughan. "prize"); III. vi. 77.
Probation, proof; V. v. 362.
Profes: myself, proclaim myself (by the exuberance of my praise); I. iv. 71.
Pronc, eager, ready; V. iv. 204.
Proof, experience; I. vi. 70; III. iii. 27.
Proper, handsome; III. iv. 64.
 —, own; IV. ii. 97.
Prunes, arranges his plumage with his bill; V. iv. 118.
Pudency, modesty; II. v. 11.
Put on, incite to, instigate; V. i. 9.
Puttock, kite; I. i. 140.
Quarrelous, quarrelsome; III. iv. 162.
Quarter'd fires, camp fires; IV. iv. 18.
Quench, become cool; I. v. 47.
Question, put to the trial, i.e. fight a duel; II. iv. 52.
Ramps, leaps; I. vi. 134.
Rangers, nymphs; II. iii. 73.
Rank, rankness; (used quibblingly); II. i. 16.
Raps, transports; I. vi. 51.
Rare, overpowering, exquisite; I. i. 135.

Ravening, devouring greedily; I. vi. 49.
Razed out, erased; (Folios, "ras'd out"); V. v. 70.
Right, truly; III. v. 3.
Ripely, speedily; III. v. 22.
Ready, i.e. dressed for going out, ready dressed; (taken quibblingly in the more ordinary sense in the reply); II. iii. 85.
Reason of, argue about, talk about; IV. ii. 14.
Reck, care; IV. ii. 154.
Recoil, degenerate; I. vi. 128.
Reft'st, didst deprive; (Folios, "refts"); III. iii. 103.
Relation, hearsay, report; II. iv. 86.
Remain, remainder, rest; III. i. 87.
Reminders; "the good r. of the court," i.e. "the court which now gets rid of my unworthiness" (used ironically); I. i. 129.
Remembrancer of her, he who reminds her; I. v. 77.
Render, rendering an account; IV. iv. 11.
 —, surrender; V. iv. 17.
 —, relate, tell; V. v. 135.
Repented, regretted; V. v. 59.
Report; "suffer the r.," may be told; I. iv. 58.
 —, fame, III. iii. 57.
Resty, torpid; III. vi. 34.
Retire, retreat; V. iii. 40.
Revolt, inconstancy; I. vi. 112.
Revolts, revolters, deserters; IV. iv. 6.
Rock, rocky eminence ("such as a man has found refuge on in shipwreck" (Ingleby); V. v. 262.
Romish, Roman; I. vi. 152.
Ruddock, robin redbreast; (Folios, "Raddock"); IV. ii. 224.
Runagate, renegade; I. vi. 137.
Safe, sound; IV. ii. 131.
Sample, example; I. i. 48.
Saucy, insolent; I. vi. 151.

Saving reverence, asking pardon; IV. i. 5.

Sayest thou?, what do you say?; II. i. 26.

Scorn, mockery; V. iv. 125.

Scriptures, writings (with perhaps a suggestion of its ordinary meaning); III. iv. 83.

Sear up, probably due to a blending of (i.) "sear"=dry up, with (ii.) "sear"="cere," i.e. seal, cover with wax, as linen is dipped in melted wax to be used as a shroud, (*cp.* "cerement," "cere cloth"); I. i. 116.

Search'd, searched for; V. v. 11.

Season, time; IV. iii. 22.

Seasons comfort, i.e. "gives happiness its proper zest"; I. vi. 9.

See, i.e. see each other; I. i. 124.

Seek through, pursue; IV. ii. 160.

Seem; "still s."=ever put on an appearance; I. i. 3.

Seeming, external appearance; V. v. 65.

—, appearance of fact; "this hath some s." this seems well-founded; V. v. 452.

Self, same; I. vi. 122.

Self-figured, self-contracted, formed by themselves; (Theobald conj., adopted by Warburton, "self-finger'd"); II. iii. 123.

Senseless, unconscious; II. iii. 57.

Senseless of, insensible to; I. i. 135.

Serving; "in their s." employing, using them; III. iv. 173.

Set on, forward, march on; V. v. 484.

Sets, which sets; I. vi. 170.

Set up, incite; III. iv. 90.

Severally, each in his own way; V. v. 397.

Shaked, shaken; I. v. 76.

Shall, will; III. iv. 131.

Shame, shyness, modesty; V. iii. 22.

Shameless-desperate, shamelessly desperate; V. v. 58.

Sharded, protected by scaly wing-cases; III. iii. 20.

Shes, women; I. iii. 29.

Shop, store; V. v. 166.

Short, take from, impair; I. vi. 200.

Shot, tavern reckoning, score; V. iv. 158.

Show, deceitful appearance; V. v. 54.

Shows, appearances; V. v. 428.

'Shrew me, i.e. beshrew me; a mild oath; II. iii. 146.

Shrine, image; V. v. 164.

Silly, simple; V. iii. 86.

Simular, false, counterfeited; V. v. 200.

Single oppositions, single combats; (?) "when compared as to particular accomplishments" (Schmidt); IV. i. 15.

Sinks, makes to sink; V. v. 413.

Sinon, who persuaded the Trojans to admit into the city the wooden horse filled with armed men; III. iv. 61.

Sir, man; I. vi. 160.

Sirrah, a form of address to an inferior; III. v. 80.

Slight in sufferance, careless in permitting it; III. v. 35.

Slip you, let you go free; IV. iii. 22.

Sluttry, the practice of a slut; I. vi. 44.

Snuff, a candle that has been snuffed; I. vi. 87.

So, it is well; II. iii. 15.

Solace, take delight; I. vi. 86.

Soldier to, enlisted to; (?) equal to; III. iv. 186.

So like you, if it please you; II. iii. 58.

Something, somewhat; I. i. 86; I. iv. 116.

Sometime, sometimes; II. iii. 76.

—, once; V. v. 333.

Sorer, more grievous, more evil; III. vi. 13.

South-fog; "the S. rot him"; it was supposed that the south wind was charged with all noxious vapours and diseases; II. iii. 135.

Spectacles, organs of vision; I. vi. 37.

Speed; "how you shall s.," how you will fare; V. iv. 190.

Sprightly, of good cheer, in good spirits; III. vi. 75.

Sprited, haunted; II. iii. 143.

Spritely, spirit-like, ghostly; V. v. 428.

Spurs, shoots of the root of a tree; IV. ii. 58.

Stagger, giddiness, reeling; V. v. 233.

Stand, "station of huntsmen waiting for game"; II. iii. 74.

Stand, withstand; V. iii. 60.

Stand it so, dost stand up so; III. v. 56.

Starve, die of cold; I. iv. 176.

States, "persons of highest rank"; III. iv. 39.

Statist, statesman, politician; II. iv. 16.

Still, continually; II. v. 30.

—, always; V. v. 250.

Story, i.e. the subject of the embroidery on the tapestry; II. ii. 27.

Story him, give an account of him; I. iv. 34.

Straight-pight, straight fixed, erect; V. v. 164.

Strain, impulse, motive; III. iv. 95.

—, stock, race; IV. ii. 24.

Strait, straight; V. iii. 7.

Strange, foreign, a foreigner; I. vi. 54.

Stricter, more restricted, less exacting; V. iv. 17.

Stride a limit, overpass the bound; III. iii. 35.

Strow, strew; IV. ii. 287.

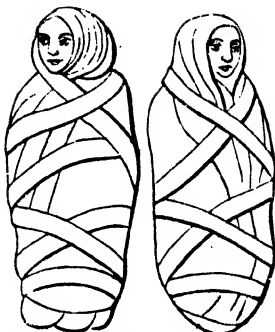
Suit, clothe; V. i. 23.

Suppliant, auxiliary; III. vii. 14.

Supplyment, continuance of supply; (Pope, "supply"); III. iv. 182.

Sur-addition, surname; I. i. 33.

Swathing clothes; I. i. 59. (See illustration.)



From a brass in Rougham Church, Norfolk.

Sweet, sweet-heart; (Collier MS., "suite"); I. v. 80.

Sverve, go astray, mistake; V. iv. 129.

Syenna, the ruler of Syenna; IV. ii. 341.

Synod, assembly of the gods; V. iv. 89.

Tables, tablets; III. ii. 39.

Take, take pay; III. vi. 24.

Take in, make to yield, overcome; III. ii. 9.

—, conquer, overcome; IV. ii. 121.

Take me up, take me to task; II. i. 4.

Talents; "beyond all t.," exceeding any sum; I. vi. 80.

Tanlings, those tanned by the sun; IV. iv. 29.

Targes, targets; "t. of proof," targets of tested metal; (Folio 4,

"Targets"; Pope, "shields"; Capell, "targe"); V. v. 5.

Taste, feel, experience; V. v. 403.

Tasting of, experiencing, feeling; V. v. 308.

Temper, mix; V. v. 250.

Glossary

CYMBELINE

Tender; "t. of our present," tendering of our present gift; I. vi. 208.
Tender of, sensitive to; III. v. 40.
Tent, probe; III. iv. 118.
That, for that, because; III. v. 71.
 —, since that; III. vii. 4.
 —, that which; IV. ii. 125; V. iv. 135.
 —, so that; V. iii. 11; V. iv. 45.
Thereto, in addition thereto; IV. iv. 33.
Thick, fast, quickly; III. ii. 58.
This, this is; (S. Walker conj. "this"); II. ii. 50.
Threat, threaten; IV. ii. 127.
Throughfare, thoroughfare; I. ii. 11.
Thoroughly, thoroughly; II. iv. 12; III. vi. 36.
Thunder-stone, thunder bolt; IV. ii. 271.
Time, age; I. i. 43.
Tinct, colour; II. ii. 23.
Tirest on, preyest upon (as a hawk); III. iv. 97.
Titan, the god of the Sun; III. iv. 166.
Title, name; I. iv. 93.
To, as to; I. iv. 101.
 —, compared to; III. ii. 10.
 —, is to be compared to; III. iii. 26.
 —, in addition to; IV. ii. 333.
Tomboys, hoydens; I. vi. 122.
Tongue, speak; V. iv. 147.
Touch, feeling, emotion; I. i. 135.
Toys, trifles; IV. ii. 193.
Trims, dress, apparel; III. iv. 167.
Trip me, refute me, give me the lie; V. v. 35.
Troth, the truth; V. v. 274.
Trow, I wonder; I. vi. 47.
True, honest; II. iii. 75.
Truer, more honest man; I. v. 43.
Tune, voice; V. v. 238.
Twinn'd, indistinguishably similar; I. vi. 35.

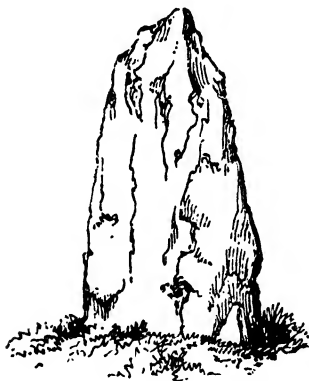
Unbent; "to be u.," to unbend thy bow; III. iv. 111.

Undergo, undertake, perform; I. iv. 148; III. v. 110.
Undertake, give satisfaction; II. i. 27.
Unparagon'd, matchless; I. iv. 84; II. ii. 17.
Unpaved, castrated; II. iii. 33.
Unprizable, invaluable; I. iv. 96.
Unspeaking sots, blockheads wanting power of speech; V. v. 178.
Untwine, cease to twine; IV. ii. 59.
Up, put up; II. iv. 97.
Up-cast, a throw directed straight up; II. i. 2.
Use; "their u.," they use us; IV. iv. 7.
Utterance; "at u.," at all hazards; III. i. 73.
Valuation, value; IV. iv. 49.
Vantage, opportunity; I. iii. 24.
 —, advantage; V. v. 198.
Vantages, favourable opportunity; II. iii. 49.
Venge, avenge; I. vi. 92.
Verbal, wordy, verbose; II. iii. 110.
Very Cloten, Cloten himself; IV. ii. 107.
View; "full of v.," full of promise; III. iv. 150.

Wage, wager; I. iv. 139.
Waggish, roguish; III. iv. 160.
Waked, awoke; V. v. 429.
Walk, withdraw, walk aside; I. i. 176; V. v. 119.
Wanton, one brought up in luxury; IV. ii. 8.
Warrant, pledge; I. iv. 61.
Watch; "in w.," awake; III. iv. 43.
Watching, keeping awake for; II. iv. 68.
Way; "this w.," by acting in this way; IV. iv. 4.
Weeds, garments; V. i. 23.
Well encounter'd, well met; III. vi. 66.
Wench-like, womanish; IV. ii. 230.
Went before, excelled; I. iv. 75.

What, what a thing; IV. i. 16.
When as, when; (Dyce, "*whenas*");
 V. iv. 138; V. v. 435.
Which, who; II. iii. 111.
While, while; I. v. 1.
Who, whom; V. v. 27.
Whom, which; III. i. 53.
Windows, eyelids; II. ii. 22.
Wink, shut their eyes; V. iv. 191.
Winking, having the eyes shut; II.
 iii. 25.
 —, blind; II. iv. 89.
Winter-ground, protect from the
 inclement weather of the winter;

(Collier MS., "*winter-guard*";
 Bailey conj. "*winter-fend*"; Elze,
 "*wind around*"); IV. ii. 229.
With, by; II. iii. 143; V. iii. 33.
Woodman, huntsman; III. vi. 28.
Worms, serpents; III. iv. 37.
Would so, would have done so; V.
 v. 189.
Wrings, writhes; III. vi. 79.
Write against, denounce; II. v. 32.
Wrying, swerving; V. i. 5.
You're best, you had better; III. ii.
 79.



British megalith.

Notes.

I. i. 3. '*does the king*'; Tyrwhitt's conjecture; Folios, '*do's the kings*'; Hanmer, '*do the king's*.'

I. i. 133. '*A year's age*'; this reading seems weak; one expects some stronger expression. Warburton, adopted by Theobald, '*a yare* [*i.e.* speedy] *age*'; Hanmer, '*many A year's age*'; Nicholson, '*more than Thy years' age*'; &c., &c.

I. iii. 9. '*make me with this eye or ear*'; Folios, '*his*' for '*this*'.

I. iv. 21. '*are wonderfully to*'; Warburton conj. '*aids wonderfully to*'; Capell conj. '*are wonderful to*'; Eccles, '*and wonderfully do*'.

I. iv. 77-78. '*could not but*'; Malone's emendation of Folios, '*could not*'.

I. iv. 118. '*herein too*'; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, '*heerein to*'; Grant White, '*herein-to*'; Anon. conj. '*hereunto*'; Vaughan conj. '*herein, so*'.

I. iv. 141. '*afraid*'; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Folios, '*a Friend*'; Becket conj. '*affied*'; Jackson conj. '*affianc'd*'; Collier MS., '*afear'd*'; Ingleby conj. '*her friend*'.

I. v. 68. '*chance thou chancest on*'; so Folios; Rowe reads '*chance thou chancest on*'; Theobald, '*change thou chancest on*'.

I. vi. 25. '*trust*—'; Boswell's reading; Folios, '*trust*'; Hanmer, '*truest*'; Rann, '*truist*'; Thirlby conj. '*trusty*'.

I. vi. 36. '*number'd*' (?) = '*rich in numbers*'; Theobald, '*unnumber'd*'; Warburton '*humbl'd*'; Farmer conj. '*umber'd*'; Jackson conj. '*member'd*'; Theobald's excellent emendation has much to commend it.

I. vi. 45. '*desire vomit emptiness*'; Johnson explained these difficult words as follows:—"*Desire*, when it approached *sluttery*, and considered it in comparison with *such neat excellence*, would not only be *not so allured to feed*, but seized with a fit of loathing, would *vomit emptiness*, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though being unfed, it had no object." Pope, '*desire vomit ev'n emptiness*'; Capell, '*desire vomit to emptiness*'; Hudson, '*desire vomit from emptiness*'.

I. vi. 109. '*unlustrous*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*illustrious*'; Ingleby, '*ill-lustrous*'.

II. ii. 49. '*bare the raven's eye*'; Theobald's conj., adopted by Steevens; Folios, '*bears the Ravens eye*'.

II. iii. 27. '*With every thing that pretty is*'; Hanmer (unnecessarily, for the sake of the rhyme), '*With all the things that pretty bin*'; Warburton, '*With everything that pretty bin*'.

II. iii. 32. 'vice'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, 'voyce.'

II. iii. 51. 'soliciting'; the reading of Collier (ed. 2); Folio 1 reads 'solicity'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'solicits'; Pope, 'solicits.'

II. iii. 105. 'Are not'; Warburton's conjecture, adopted by Theobald, 'cure not'; but no change is necessary.

III. i. 20. 'rocks'; Seward conj., adopted by Hanmer; Folios, 'Oaken.'

III. i. 54. 'We do,' these words are part of Cymbeline's speech in Folios; Collier MS. assigns them to Cloten, and the arrangement has been generally adopted.

III. iii. 2. 'Stoop'; Hanmer's emendation of Folios, 'Sleepe.'

III. iii. 6. 'turbons'; Folio 1, 'Turbonds'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'Turbands.'

III. iii. 23. 'bauble'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, 'Babe'; Hanmer, 'bribe'; the latter suggestion has been accepted by many modern editors; Brae, 'badge,' i.e. decoration, ribbon.

III. iii. 34. 'prison for'; Pope's emendation of Folio 1, 'Prison, or'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'Prison or'; Anon conj., and Vaughan conj., 'prison of.'

III. iii. 83. 'I' the cave wherein they bow'; Warburton's emendation; Folios, 'I th' Cave, whereon the Bowe'; Rowe, 'I th' cave, where on the bow'; Pope, 'Here in the cave, wherein'; Theobald, 'I th' cave, there, on the brow,' &c.

III. iv. 52. 'Whose mother was her painting,' i.e. 'who owed her beauty to her painted face'; or, perhaps 'whose painted face was the sum of her woman-like qualities'; according to others, 'whose mother aided and abetted her daughter in her trade.'

III. iv. 81. 'afore't'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, 'a-foot.'

III. iv. 104. 'I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first'; Hanmer's emendation; Folios read 'I'll wake mine eye-balles first'; Rowe, 'I'll break mine eye-balls first'; Johnson conj., adopted by Ingleby, 'I'll wake mine eye-balls out first'; Collier MS., 'I'll crack mine eye-balls first.'

III. iv. 135. Vaughan proposed 'With that harsh noble—noble simply in nothing'; Spence, 'trash noble' (i.e. base coin); Elze, 'that ignoble,' &c.

III. iv. 138. 'Where then?' perhaps these words should be assigned to Pisanio.

III. iv. 177. 'Which you'll make him know'; Hanmer's reading; Folios read 'Which will make him know'; Theobald, 'Which will make him so.'

III. v. 44. 'loud'st of noise'; Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, 'lowd of noise'; Rowe, 'loudest noise.'

III. v. 72. Possibly, as explained by Johnson, these words are to be explained as meaning, 'than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind'; Hanmer, 'than any lady, winning from each one.'

III. vi. 71. Perhaps we should read, with Hanmer, 'I'd bid'; i.e. 'I'd bid for you and make up my mind to have you.'

III. vii. 9. '*commends*'; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Folios, '*commands*' (perhaps = 'commands to be given').

IV. ii. 132. '*humour*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*honor*'.

IV. ii. 168. '*parish*'; Hanmer, '*marish*'; Garrick's version, '*river*'; Becket conj. '*parage*'.

IV. ii. 224. '*The ruddock*,' &c.; the kindly service of the Robin Redbreast is often referred to in Elizabethan literature, e.g.



From an early copy of the ballad of
The Babes in the Wood.

*Covering with moss the dead's unclosed
eye,*

The little redbreast teacheth charitie.

Drayton, *The Owl*.

It is worth while noting that the story of *The Babes in the Wood* was dramatised as early as 1600 in Yarrington's "*Two Lamentable Tragedies*."

IV. iii. 36. '*I heard no letter*,' i.e. (?) '*I've not had a line*'; Hanmer reads '*I've had*'; Capell, '*I have had*'; Mason conj., and Warburton conj., adopted by Collier (ed. 2), '*I had*'.

V. i. 15. '*dread it, to the doers' thrift*'; perhaps this means that the guilty benefit by their dread, for their dread makes them repent, and repentance brings them salvation. Theobald suggested '*dreaded . . . thrift*'; but the text, though somewhat difficult, may be correct.

V. iii. 26. '*that*,' i.e. 'that death.'

V. iii. 43. '*they*'; Theobald's correction of Folios, '*the*'; i.e. 'retracing as slaves the strides they made as victors.'

V. iii. 53. '*Nay, do not wonder*'; Theobald reads '*Nay, do but wonder*'; Staunton conj. '*Ay, do but wonder*'; "Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach that wonder was all he was made for" (Johnson).

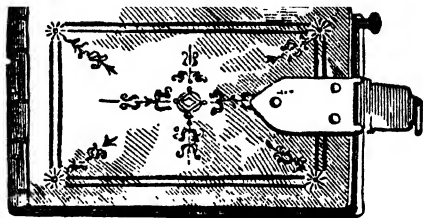
V. iv. 113. '*Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline*.' Cp. the accompanying drawing.



From a group crowning the summit of the celebrated Nautilus cup in Her Majesty's collection, probably the work of German goldsmiths.

V. iv. 133.

'A book! O rare one!
Be not a garment
Nobler than that it covers.'



From a specimen of the late XVIth century.

V. v. 54. 'and in time'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'yes and in time'; S. Walker conj. 'and in due time,' &c.

V. v. 263. The stage-direction was first inserted by Hanmer. It explains the meaning of the lines, and gets rid of a long series of unnecessary emendations.

V. v. 305. 'scar'; 'had ever s. for,' i.e. had ever received a scar for; Folios 1, 2, 'scarre'; Collier conj. 'sense'; Singer (ed. 2), 'score'; Bailey conj. 'sour.'

V. v. 378. 'When ye'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, 'When we'; Capell, 'When you.'

V. v. 382. 'sierce,' disordered; (?) vehement, rapid. Collier conj. 'forc'd': Bailey conj. 'brief.'

V. v. 384. 'distinction should be rich in,' i.e. "Ought to be rendered distinct by a liberal amplitude of narrative" (Steevens).

V. v. 392. 'our long inter'gatories'; Tyrwhitt conj., adopted by Malone; Folios, 'our long Interrogatories.'

PRINTED BY
TURNBULL AND SPEARS,
EDINBURGH

